The Boyne Court Sweepstake, page 1242.

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A MAY MEETING.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

The Crisis : How Stands the King?

What time Cabinet Ministers are chopping and changing their jobs, the Army is going "on furlough," and the agents busy with the coming General Election, what the People want to know is "Where stands the King?" Never perhaps in recent years was there so excellent an opportunity of ascertaining precisely what His Majesty represents in the State. As he does not quite know himself, we cannot say with any great precision. With an unwritten Constitution, there have always been doubts about the King's "prerogatives," what they are, and how far they go. Whether there *are* any prerogatives at all, beyond reprieving condemned murderers, it is by no means easy to say. The passing of the Parliament Bill three years ago, and the threat of Mr. Asquith to create five hundred peers in order to pass that Bill if necessary, brought His Majesty to the very verge of ascertaining what he could or could not do as Sovereign of this Realm. The Lords climbed down at the eleventh hour, however, and thus saved His Majesty from that painful necessity. Now King George must be having somewhat sleepless nights, for the impasse faces him once more.

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"The King Can do no Wrong!"

However, we may point out that, whatever happens, the King is beautifully safeguarded from responsibility. He has only to accept the advice of His Ministers, and do nothing! This means, of course, that he must sign anything presented to him by the Prime Minister, but the onus for it falls upon Mr. Asquith. The Prince Consort was the last Royalty who took upon himself to settle the question of the King's responsibility for the country's welfare. Said King George's grandfather, "'The King can do no wrong,' says the legal axiom, and hence it follows that somebody must be responsible for his measures if these be contrary to law or injurious to the country's welfare. Ministers here are not responsible *qua* ministers, that is *qua* officials (as such they are responsible to the Crown), but they are responsible to the Parliament and to the people as 'advisers of the Crown!' Any one of them may advise the Crown, and whoever does so is responsible to the country for the advice he has given."

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No Blame for His Majesty Anyhow.

Lord Palmerston promptly ratified this view in a letter to Queen Victoria. He said "One great security for the Throne in this country is the maxim that 'the King can do no wrong.' This does not mean that no wrong can be done, but it means that as the Sovereign accepts and acts by the advice of those ministers who for the time being enjoy the confidence of the Crown, it is those ministers, and not the Sovereign personally, upon whom must fall the blame or the criticism which any Acts of the Royal Prerogative may produce"! So George Rex is all right, any way.

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Gilded "Sweeps."

In the matter of the "Boyne Court Sweepstake." The Hon. George Lambton writes to the papers to deny any association with this affair, and many people will wonder in what way he could have been connected with it. We can tell them. The "prospectus" of the "sweep" has come into our hands, dating from Lucerne, and with a separate slip on art paper with the names of the Society patrons, printed in gold! They are as The Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Glanusk, Lord Manners, Lord Victor Paget, Lord Ninian Crichton Sir J. Walton, Bart., the Hon. A. E. Bingham, the Lambton, General Bridge, Col. Boles, Col. the Hon. Mansfield, Col. Darley, Capt. Hewitson, R.N., Capt. Viscountess Dunvegan, Baroness von Roeder, Lady Rosenkrantz, Lady F. H. Gubbins, Lady Manners Furness, Lady Winifred Ingestre, the Dowager Lady loch, and Lady Russell. Up to the hour of going to only one of this number has denied association with Boyne Court sweep, so our readers will be interested to who they are.

* * *

Do the Anglesey Family Know About It?

To begin with, "Viscountess Dunvegan" is a There is "no sich pusson!" So are one or two "Colonels." As to Baroness von Roeder and Baron Rosenkrantz—well, our readers will not attach much importance to these foreign "titles." The chief name represented in the list is that of Anglesey, from which the public are entitled to expect an explanation, for not the young Marquess, but his uncle-by-marriage (Lord Robert Manners, brother of the Duke of Rutland); his only brother Lord Victor Paget; and his sister, Viscountess Dunvegan (referred to in the prospectus as "Lady Winifred Ingestre") figure in the list. If the Anglesey family are as keen of the Boyne Court Sweep as George Lambton says they then a fraud upon them is being attempted, but if they not in it at all, then the sooner they say so the better. The Angleseys are too rich to receive any sympathy from the public, should they be concerned in this affair.

* * *

Hard Lot of the Duke's Half-Brothers.

Lord Robert Manners, au contraire, albeit a brother, is very far from being rich and has not been fortunate. Under the will of the late Duke he receives annuity of £200 a year. Lord Robert is one of the sons of the late Duke by his second marriage, and between these sons and their only half-brother, the Duke of to-day, there has never been any great affection. The half-brothers and half-sisters may have considered themselves badly treated under their father's will, but the fact remains that the old Duke's successor found it hard work to pay his way by the time Mr. Lloyd George got through with him. He had to shut down Belvoir Castle, go abroad, while many of the servants were sacked, and the shootings were let to millionaires. Mr. Lloyd George had the satisfaction of squeezing nearly £40,000 out of his brother on account of death duties!

* * *

"A Very Rich Man!"

As to my Lord Glanusk (who is appropriately sandwiched in the Boyne Court Sweep's list of swells between the Marquess of Anglesey and his uncle, Lord Robert Manners), he is a Breconshire peer, and a neighbour of Lord Anglesey. So it all looks very much like a family affair, in which Lord Anglesey's sister (whose husband is heir to the Earldom of Talbot and Shrewsbury) is participating. Lord Glanusk has of late been indulging in a family squabble with his brother-in-law, Mr. Cowper Coles. His Lordship, who was Adjutant to the famous C.I.V.'s in South Africa, informs me that the only vote he ever recorded in the House of Lords was against a Lloyd George budget. But there, he is a very rich man! Only a few weeks ago we were pointing out the absolute immunity of the Peers of Britain from civil or criminal transactions; and it is only fair to add that we do not believe any of the noble persons mentioned in the Boyne Court sweep's list of "gilt-edged securities" have the least knowledge of this business.

* * *

Australia Snubbed Again.

British politicians never get tired of snubbing Australians. The newest case is symptomatic. In February Mr. Asquith appointed Mr. Sydney Buxton to the High Commissionership of South Africa, and Mr. Ronald Ferguson to be Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth. In due course both gentlemen were knighted and duly accoladed by His Majesty. As Sir Ronald Ferguson the new Australian Governor has gone off to the Southern Cross, but Sir Sydney Buxton has been elevated to a viscounty. In our issue for February 21 we pointed out that while Canada had had several of her

oled, no Australian had ever received a coronet. Why invidious distinction between the new South African and tralian Governors should be made we are unable to derstand.

* * *

th of an Interesting Custom in the Lords.

e hear a lot about the abolition of the feathers of tiful birds from ladies' hats nowadays, but it is for- en that one of the best services ever rendered to his ery by the new Viscount Buxton was the Wild Birds ction Bill, which, it is worth recalling, was entrusted e Lords to the then Marquess of Granby, now the Duke Rutland. By the way, customs in Parliament change ly but one has changed without anybody ever noticing The custom of calling up heirs to dukedoms and quessates in their fathers' minor titles has fallen abso- into disuse. The Duke of Rutland used to sit in Lords as Baron Manners of Haddon. When his father and he became Duke of Rutland he, of course, sat Duke. Since Lord Manners of Haddon no heir to a rage has been called up in this way—a custom sanctioned the use of centuries. The present Lord Wimborne in the Lords as Lord Ashby St. Ledgers for a couple ars before his father's death a few weeks ago, but that a new title. Query: Will the present Duke of Rutland's be similarly called to the Lords as Lord Manners? Or the custom entirely dead?

* *

ers in the Commons.

Talking of Parliament reminds me of something I heard a friend of Lord Jersey's the other day. It is that his dship's clever son-in-law, Lord Dunsany, the well-known ywright and poet, is going to put up for a seat in the t Government. Frankly, I don't know whether Lord unsany is a Liberal or a Tory—but that doesn't matter. know that he would be an interesting addition to the mmons—where he could, of course, sit for as many years his constituents chose to let him, he being an Irish peer, whose status could only be changed by his election as a Representative Peer of Ireland—a very likely eventuality, of course.

Lord Dunsany's father represented Gloucester from 1886 to 1892. Many of Lord Dunsany's friends expected him to go to the Lords at the vacancy which occurred a few months ago, and which was eventually given to the Earl of Drogheda—though nobody knows why, except his sprightly wife, who is our champion Tango-dancer in Society, and very influential amongst the dukes and politicians, and well in with Mrs. Asquith. Lord Drogheda already has a clerkship in Whitehall—one of the Government offices, I believe, and he is not too often seen in Erin! Lord Dunsany, on the other hand, is a resident Irish landlord.

* * *

Absolutely Impossible!

We have no faith in the reports that the Tsar is coming to England this summer. We know enough of the relations of the Russian and British Imperial families to know that such a visit is absolutely impossible. That the Tsar will meet the Kaiser in the Baltic, however, is very likely. Nicky and Wilhelm never let a decade go by without meeting somewhere or other—though it is always in the Baltic, and never in Petersburg or Berlin. Even these furtive exchanges of courtesy are better than none, for the Bourses require frequent guarantees that everything is "all right" between the two people. But 'twas not ever thus! Twenty years ago William-the-Second-to-None and his Russian brother were not upon speaking terms. For this there is the very best authority—the late Prince Hohenlohe, the one-time German Chancellor. In December, 1891, Hohenlohe asked the Kaiser how his relations were with the Tsar (Alexander III.).

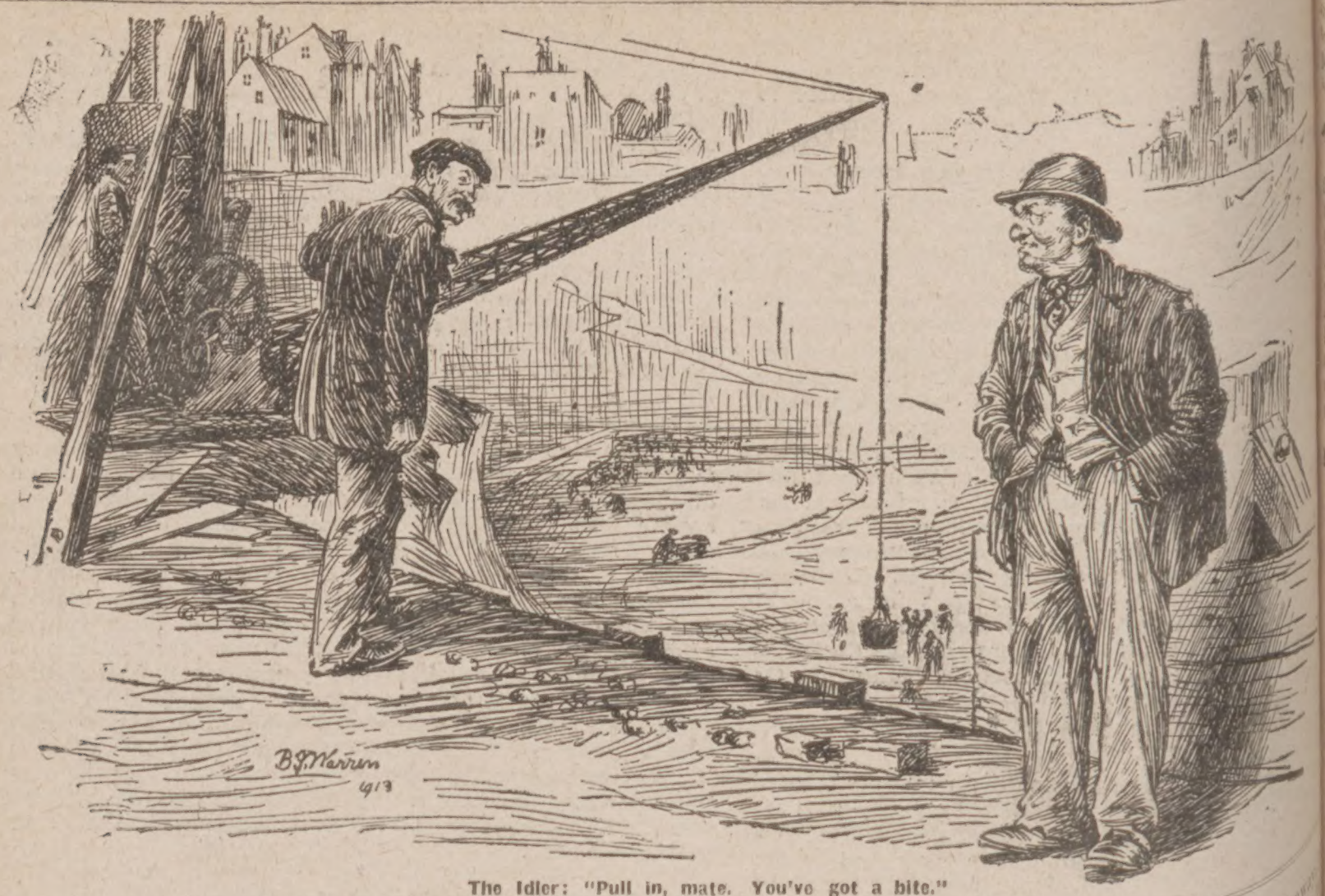
* * *

Why Queen Louise Hated the Kaiser.

The Kaiser replied "I have none. He passed through here without visiting me. I only write ceremonial letters to him now. It was the Queen of Denmark who prevented

COMFORT.

Young Wife: "I am so troubled about my husband. Everything he eats seems to disagree with him."
Friend (with experience): "Oh, don't let that worry you, dear. My husband disagrees with everything he eats. One soon gets used to it."



The Idler: "Pull in, mate. You've got a bite."

him coming to Berlin. To make sure that he should not come, she accompanied him to Livadia, on the pretext of attending the silver wedding." That version of the affair was, of course, quite true. No woman in the world could have hated the German Kaiser more than did Queen Louise of Denmark, who was the mother of our Queen Alexandra. The old Queen—she was over seventy when she went to Russia in order to prevent the Tsar visiting the Kaiser in Berlin—never forgave Germany for depriving her gallant husband of his beautiful Schleswig and Holstein directly he had come into his Danish crown.

* * *

Wouldn't the Danish Monarchs Open their Eyes?

It was a sting to Her Majesty's proud flesh that she was never able to eradicate, and it lasted to her grave. And as Her Majesty's daughter Thyra had married that Duke of Cumberland, who ought to have been King George of Hanover but for what the old Queen regarded as criminal robbery on the part of the Hohenzollerns, there was no possibility whatever of the Danish Queen ever being reconciled to the Prussian First Family. Nor was she. But though Queen Louise died without a reconciliation with the Kaiser, the latter Monarch would not allow her husband also to pass away without "burying the hatchet," and after the death of Queen Louise of Denmark the Kaiser went to Copenhagen and practically forced old King Christian to make an appearance of forgiving him.

And everybody remembers how, when King Christian also died, the Kaiser rushed to Copenhagen to be present at the funeral, and thus compelled a meeting with the Duke of Cumberland, who had all his life refused to meet the German Emperor. Wouldn't old King Christian and Queen Louise open their eyes, if they could be resuscitated, to hear that the Duke of Cumberland's only son was now married to the German Emperor's only daughter! Time has, in truth, brought strange revenges!

* * *

Ill-fated Noble Family.

The Countess of Lanesborough, who has been staying at Ostend for some weeks, is coming back to town at the end of this month, when she will pay a visit to her daughter, the young Duchess of Sutherland. Lady Lanesborough has never completely recovered from the shock of her only son's sudden death. Lord Newton-Butler died after only a few hours' illness at Quidenham Parsonage, Norfolk, two years ago, and his death has been mourned in the Lanesborough ménage ever since. Lord Newton-Butler was not quite twenty years old, and he was, in more than an ordinary way, "the hope of his house," for after the present generation of the Butlers of Lanesborough have passed away the title may easily lack heirs, and, in any case, will go to a remote cousin. Lord Lanesborough has now only two daughters, the Duchess of Sutherland (who has not yet presented the Duke with heirs, by the way) and her sister, the young Lady Moira Butler, who is sixteen.

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A Doomed Family.

The present heir-presumptive to the Lanesborough coronet is his Lordship's brother, Mr. Henry Butler, who has no son, though he has two daughters. The next brother, Mr. Francis Butler, has an only daughter; and the third brother, Brian Butler, is unmarried. It is two hundred years since Theophilus Butler became first Lord Newtown-Butler, and Lord Lanesborough is the seventh Lord Newtown-Butler, and only two of these peers have succeeded their fathers to their titles. An unusually unlucky destiny has invariably followed the Lanesborough Butlers, and they are only worth about twenty thousand pounds, albeit Lord Lanesborough is one of Ireland's elected representatives in the Upper Chamber. The list of fatalities which has reduced the Butlers to a solitary heir after flourishing for centuries is one of the strangest chapters in the Peerage. Lord and Lady Lanesborough live at Belturbet, in County Cavan.

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"Bloody!"

Mr. Bernard Shaw has a lot to answer for! Never in living memory was there such reckless shouting of epithets in Parliament as happened the week before the Recess, and slackness in language is becoming the characteristic of the time. The *Daily Telegraph* on Friday described the late "Chief Commoner," Mr. Lile [illegible] this title as Chairman of the City Lands Committee, having begun life as a chemist's "Arrand" boy at a [illegible] a week. Even our orthography doesn't seem to [illegible] nowadays!

But "Bloody" isn't being used in a play for the [illegible] time. Shakespeare, of course, loved the choleric word, in recent times it was spoken on the stage at His Majesty's Theatre by Mr. James Hearn, in Stevenson and Henley's play, "Admiral Guinea," and nobody thought it worth making a song about. The word is "true to life," and [illegible]

* * *

A King who Looks After "The Perfesh!"

His Majesty's Theatre is to be honoured by the presence of the King and Queen this season, when a large number of stage favourites will figure in "The Silver King," on behalf of the King's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. The theatrical world cannot complain that Their Majesties

attentive to the needs of "the Profession"! No Sovereigns of this country have borne them so consistently in mind. "The Silver King," by the way, is the only rival to "East Lynne" for the number of times it has been played all over the world. Both plays still draw tremendous audiences in the outposts of the Empire.

* * *

A Nasty Week for the Bourbons!

There is one gentleman who will not get much comfort from the King's visit to Paris! He is the Duke of Orleans, the Bourbon Pretender to the French Throne. For a long time there has been a conspicuous Bonapartist leaven in French thought, and when old King Leopold of the Belgians died, and the romance of his youngest daughter culminated in her marriage to Prince Victor Napoleon, the Napoleonic Pretender (followed a few weeks ago by the birth of a son to the happy pair) the French people have been almost in the position of only wanting a match to set alight the fire which shall bring another Emperor to Versailles.

* * *

Not Nice for the Duke.

Meanwhile the Duke of Orleans has seen his chances of being the next French Emperor recede to the vanishing point. Hence he left England, where he was born and had lived all his life, and took up his residence in Belgium, on the French frontier, so that when the moment of Revolution comes he will be ready and near. (He is, of course, not allowed to reside in France.) Prince Napoleon also lives in Belgium, on the French frontier, and some day there may be an historic sprint over the border for the French crown. Meanwhile King George and Queen Mary are in Paris, and the flowers that are predominating during the Royal visit are the violets of the Bonapartes, entwined with the roses of England! The Duke of Orleans must feel very sick.

* * *

Lord Selborne and the "Bookie's" Wife.

Here is a story about Lord Selborne, whose "unctuous hypocrisy" was referred to in *Modern Life* of a couple of weeks ago. And it is a true story. The noble Earl is, of course, the eldest son of Mr. Gladstone's favourite Lord Chancellor, and the present peer has inherited all his father's Sunday-school style. Well, when Lord Selborne went out to South Africa as Governor and High Commissioner, he had little idea of what sort of place he was going to, any more than any other Englishman has, however much he may have read in books. So when the Earl was about to give his first big ceremonial ball in Johannesburg he and his good wife (who hated the Jo'burgites with a haughty hatred, as one of the star-ladies of the Cecil family should) were not a little anxious as to how things would eventuate. There was an air of uncertainty in their minds about the sort of "society" they would meet at the ball. Lady Selborne, indeed, was very stand-offish about going at all. However, "hubby" persuaded her that it would be all right, and quite exclusive, as the guests were going to be of the "specially selected" brand. So off the two went to the giddy dance. But this was the first and last ceremony of the kind that Lady Selborne ever went to in Jo'burg. For both she and Lord Selborne very nearly fell down dead when they made the appalling discovery that the High Commissioner had actually danced with a certain bookmaker's wife, and a very second-rate bookmaker at that, by mistake, Selborne being under the impression when he asked her to dance that she was a certain well-known lady then staying in Jo'burg. It was a bad case of mistaken identity. But the bookmaker's wife (knowing, of course, all the time that the High Commissioner had made a mistake) played her part in great style, and went through the dance to the intense amusement of the lookers on, some of whom, however, were aghast at the sight of Sunday-school Selborne waltzing with one of the two-to-one-bar-one girls.

Mr. Hamel looped the loop last week, carrying a blind passenger in his aeroplane. We hear that he made several pairs of spectacles.

NO GOOD TO WRIGGLE.

He: "I fear I am not worthy of you."
She: "Never mind about that. Between mother and myself I imagine we can effect the necessary improvements."

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS

"NOT B——Y LIKELY."

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, the gentleman, you remember, who discovered that the religion he had been preaching for long years was all wrong, and then proceeded diplomatically to alter his religion so that he could retain his enormous salary, has made another wonderful discovery. It is not exactly up to the standard of Matthew Arnold's conception of lucidity, but still it is perhaps as near as one can expect from a gentleman who has to keep an eye upon himself as a philosopher and another upon the snug little billet he has at the City Temple. The Rev. R. J. Campbell has discovered that "the real world is not what you think it is, whatever else it may be." That's encouraging, isn't it? You can get right hold of it and grab it, so to speak. It has a certitude about it that enables you in the twinkling of an eye to realize the precise mental state of Macbeth when he said to the dagger, "Come, let me clutch thee." You feel that you've got a genuine "New Philosophy" at last. And so I call it encouraging, cheering, thoughtful, sublime, beautiful—not to say drivel of the deepest dye.

And yet, although the Rev. R. J. Campbell, with all his greatness, has yet to learn the simple art of saying something intelligible in the plain and simple way that is the characteristic of all good prose, there is at the back of the thought that produced the wonderful bit of philosophy I have quoted a good deal of truth, although it is quite true that my idea of that truth may not be exactly the same as the Rev. R. J. Campbell's. For the world to-day is certainly not what it seems, as has once again been proved by "the dandy of them all" in matters of philosophy and human nature—Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

Take the little matter of England and England's greatness, which is still a thing of some trivial importance, notwithstanding the ludicrous claims of Ireland to monopolise the attention of the British part of the universe. One of the most fatuous popular delusions of the moment, and of every moment, is that the greatness of England is due to things which have nothing to do with it, and never have had anything to do with it except in the imaginations of the professorial jackasses before whom the democracy of England used to bow the knee in the past. We used to be told that the greatness of England depended upon a proper appreciation of the facts and the results of the melancholy meanderings of two stupid people called Adam and Eve in a garden of Ribstone pippins. But Darwin and the geologists of the nineteenth century made one or two little inquiries into that, and were able to reply (although they did so in scientific language), "Not b——y likely."

We used to be told that the greatness of England depended upon the fact that all her good little boys and girls wore clothes of a funereal nature of a Sunday, and were properly indoctrinated every Sabbath with the idea that cant and humbug and hypocrisy and Stigginsism and Chadbandism were the qualities most admired by the Almighty and best calculated to make an Englishman an infinitely superior article to a German or a Frenchman or a Dutchman. But a little band of Boers cropped up in South Africa and made a few inquiries into the matter, and they too replied, in the terse and vigorous language of a bloody war, "Not b——y likely." We used to be told that there was always a little cherub up aloft to look after the special interests of England, and to enable her to muddle through, no matter what she did or what she thought, as long as she worshipped at the shrine of Nelson and the Nile. But Germany made a few little inquiries into that, and she too replied in terse and vigorous language, "Not b——y likely." We used to be told that, so long as we held on to the idea of the divine right of kings and the sacrosanct snobbery of a largely illegitimate aristocracy, nothing on earth could touch to our harm our inalienable right to be the sanctified and chosen people of the human race. But the masses of the people made a few little inquiries into that, and in their grammars and their histories they found the reply, "Not b——y likely."

Indeed, dear reader, were it not for the fact that I am limited to a very short article by a cruel and callous editor, with little sympathy for my modest ambition to occupy the whole of *Modern Life* with my philosophical deductions, I could prove to you that a very large part of the history of England is comprised in the phrase of the moment, "Not b——y likely." And therein I think that Mr. Bernard Shaw has added one more to the lasting services that he has rendered to the English race. For there is only one thing worth looking for, reader, and that thing is truth. And I make bold to say that if the English people want to find truth, whether about religion or politics or philosophy or science, they would do well to examine every question that comes before them with the eloquent and expressive and necessary phrase of Mr. Bernard Shaw ready to their lips to ask of everything, Is it so? Is it true? Is it likely? is it "Not b——y likely?"

There is nothing that I can see, as I look around the England of to-day, that is so ominous for the future of the stage as the hypocritical cant and jackass drivel that has been written and talked about Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays during the past two weeks. That may appear to you to be a strong and exaggerated statement. It is not so. It is people without a sense of humour, dear reader, are a people that are lost. It is the very salt of life. It is the only thing that can make us look ridiculous to ourselves, and until we look like that we shall ever look ridiculous to our [illegible] enemies of art who are ever creeping round our flank. We have in Mr. Bernard Shaw, as I venture to think, one of the masterly geniuses of our time—nay, of all time. And why is he a genius—how is he a genius? He is a genius because, in the fecundity of a wit almost unsurpassed in our literature (for it is a wit that is not flighty or trivial, as superficial observers appear to think, but a wit that is searching through satire for the ultimate truth of life), takes his pen and strikes into the very vitals of human nature. There is nothing more mournful, more pitiful, more painful, than the way in which the masses of the English people refuse to recognize this genius. We are told of this superlative brain, which, even in its lifetime, is [illegible] and sure among the immortals of English literature and dramatic art, has need to prostitute itself to the basest of theatrical advertising. "Not b——y likely," dear reader. "Not b——y likely." There was no possible way, so far as my knowledge of the English language goes, in which Mr. Bernard Shaw could adequately express on the stage his idea of a London flower girl (educated up to the requirements of an aristocratic drawing-room) dropping [illegible] and quite naturally into the lingo of her flower-girl class except by making the character use the very expression that is above all expression typical to-day of the atmosphere in which she was brought up. And it is not as if there were anything blasphemous or obscure in the robin-breast word that has aroused such a violent storm in respectable circles. It is a word that has no relation whatever to sacred or secular things. It is derived, on the authority of Sir James Murray, acknowledged to be the greatest master of the science of words of modern times, from the word "blood" as meaning, in the days of the Restoration a flash young man of aristocratic pedigree. "As drunk as a lord" was the original expression. Then "bloody drunk." Then "bloody," a very intensive expression applied by all sorts and conditions of men to all sorts and conditions of things. And so, for the simplicity of tumbling out of a tree, we come [illegible] down to our own time, when it is the favourite intensive expression of the so-called lower classes, publicly and privately, and (don't forget this) the favourite expression (in private) of a very large number of the very superior [illegible] of people who hypocritically pretend to be so intensely shocked by it when used by one of our greatest writers in an extremely artistic, dramatic, and humorous manner.

That is the whole caboodlum, dear reader. A caboodlum of hypocrisy. A cabdoolum of affectation. A caboodlum of respectability. A caboodlum of cant. A caboodlum of [illegible] tation that the virile and vigorous men-of-the-world of England, in whom is her only hope as a progressive nation, are going to bow the knee to those who, because of their social power, are the greatest tyrants the world has ever known—the simpering and sloppy ladies of suburban respectability, and their simpering and sloppily effeminate men who, already given too much power in a nation that has made itself manly, are the enemies of all truth, and would lead us back to a melodramatic degradation in literature and art by the side of which "Not b——y likely" is as scientific and musical as the prattle of a babe.

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

"It seems rather a wasted opportunity. You find the [illegible] walking about the corridor at night and don't say anything at all to her," said Mr. Plowden to an hotel nightporter. But what would you have said to her, Mr. Plowden, may I ask, if it's not a rude question?

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The other day a titled lady might have been seen at a fashionable restaurant entertaining to dinner a very distinguished party. Her guests were drinking a vintage champagne of an excellent brand, and feasting upon the most expensive dainties of the season, yet this same lady, when at home in H——shire, lives in miserly fashion. Local gossip credits her with nearly starving her servants; anyway, they never stay long because of the poor food provided. She herself does not fare so well as the inmates of a moderately poor farm-house, and dresses indifferently. Yet when in London she dons most expensive and fashionable creations, her gowns being really magnificent, and in the course of the season she gives quite a number of little luncheon and dinner parties that Lucullus might envy.

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Meanness is the cause of this curious behaviour. She has plenty of money to live comfortably at her country residence, which is an expensive place to maintain in proper fashion, and also to indulge in her season's jaunt in town, but her ladyship is a complex character, and likes to go on the cheese-paring principle for several months—to make up for the money she spends in London upon people who laugh behind her back, knowing her other mode of living.

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We are not exactly over-enamoured of parsons as a rule, but we read of a village parson the other day whom we should not mind slapping on the back. At this annual vestry meeting the churchwardens wanted to propose a vote of thanks to the good man for his services during the year. But the parson gave them a bit from the shoulder such as we sincerely hope he gives them in his Sunday sermons. It would be too delightful for anything to see some more pilots of our sky talk as this candid parson talked. "I don't want any thanks," he said. "I get paid for what I do, and I take good care not to do any more than I am paid for." Refreshing, isn't it? And comparing very favourably with a churchwarden and Sunday-school man in Belfast, who was recently before the Bankruptcy Court, where he admitted that he had squandered a trifle of £27,000 upon women alone. The fair sex cost him "thirty or forty pounds weekly," he said. Yet such is the effrontery of this model Sunday-school superintendent that he had the impudence to tell the judge that there was no immorality in the matter at all. But "tell that to the Marines" was what the judge said to Mr. Sunday-school Superintendent Thomas Ham, of the holy and patriotic city of Belfast.

* *

We hold no brief for either of the two great political parties, and we should not be surprised if it were proved that Tories have been just as bad as Liberals in the matter of Civil Service and other scandals. But we do really think that the revelations of the Report of the Royal Commission on the Civil Service finally and conclusively prove that Mr. Lloyd George and his gang take the cake for public and private impudence. Marconi was a fool to this. Look at the little things mentioned in this Royal Commission Report, and then consider that Royal Commissioners are exceedingly conservative and careful people who always hide as much of the nasty truth as they possibly can. And when you have done that, consider further the wretched sacrosanctity and hypocrisy of many of us when we fling mud at United States politicians while we tolerate the following state of affairs upon our own dung-heap. J. J. Davies gets £200 a year as private secretary to Lloyd George. He also gets £350 a year from the Welsh Insurance Commission. Davies (note this) was a great pal of J. Rowland, Lloyd George's previous secretary. That was why he jumped like lightning from an assistant schoolmaster to a Chancellor's secretary. Somebody named Gowers, you will notice, gets £1,000 a year from the National Insurance Commission. He also used to be one of the Welshman's secretaries. A gentleman named Clarke gets £5,000 a year (this is genuine business, isn't it?) on the Council of India. He also used to be a Lloyd George secretarial young man. So that, however fond our Baptist Chancellor may be of preaching from the Bible for the benefit of popular audiences, he takes jolly good care to see that his own pals "lay up treasures on earth" with a vengeance.

Jade (not jaded) charms.

* *

The Opposition has discovered another Radical job. Mr. Augustine Birrell has appointed his stepson, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, an Irish Local Government Board Inspector at a salary of £500 a year, and it is recalled that another stepson, Mr. Charles Tennyson, was found a comfortable berth at the Colonial Office and £750 a year, and it is re-year. Mr. Birrell might be justly called to account for something else. No Chief Secretary has ever taken less public part in Irish affairs than does he when in Ireland. He is practically unknown by sight in the country which he has such a large share in ruling, and goes to and from his office in Dublin Castle unnoticed. He is the first Chief Secretary who has absolutely eschewed Irish society, which is a great pity, for his social charm and geniality are such that exclusive circles in Ireland could not help appreciating them. The "Castle season" in Dublin has been a far from brilliant one. The "classes" have more or less boycotted the "Castle." The society industries in Dublin, and all the offshoots which stand or fall by them, have had a period of unusual depression, and those responsible are the so-called patriots who are always prating about Ireland's welfare, and are just now making themselves so foolish in Ulster.

MORE OR LESS.

A Pyjama Deluge.

Ulster is threatened with a deluge of pyjamas. All the ladies, it seems, have been so anxious to see that no Volunteer, in the event of hostilities, should sleep in the open without these necessary articles of attire, that pyjamas are pouring in from all quarters. Let us hope that in the enthusiasm of their hearts the fair needlewomen will not insist upon personally supervising the fit of their garments, otherwise there will in all probability be a Mr. Potiphar to every Mrs. Joseph. Volunteers have never been noted for their backwardness in coming forward. And you could scarcely blame a brave, if only temporary, son of Mars for embracing every opportunity, especially if the opportunity was a woman. Soldiering has always held a special fascination for the feminine sex. Perhaps the uniform has something to do with it; perhaps the Ouida guardsmen we all secretly read about and hankered over in our youth are responsible for the extra beat of a woman's heart when she sees any specimen of military manhood—territorial, volunteer, or the real shilling-a-day article. Perhaps, after all, it is just that a soldier represents to a woman what she secretly loves most about a man—protection.

* * *

Where to Kiss.

The newest veil is called, if you please, "Where to kiss." For the benefit of the uninitiated let me explain that this means that a tiny black velvet spot is stuck upon the veil at exactly the place where its wearer has no objection to receiving a salute—chaste or otherwise—for the beauty of the beauty-spot veil means you can adjust the spot to just where you would like to be kissed. Personally a veil of this sort strikes me as being a very useless part of one's attire. In the first place, if a girl wants to be kissed she needn't wear a veil to show she does; and the second, if a man wants to kiss a girl he doesn't wait for any beauty-spot to show him the way to her face. Now I have never worn a veil in my life, and yet —— (I've had to cut this paragraph.—Ed.)

Bilger (after convivial evening): "Gra schcottch! What a shave I wantsh!"

Mrs. Caudles.

Some of the Labour members, by way of a [illegible] holiday, have taken their wives to a talking [illegible]. Whether to give themselves or their wives a rest has been stated. I can't for the life of me make out why the majority of women seem to turn into Mrs. Caudles as they get married. They don't seem able to do anything with a husband except talk to, at, and about him all the time. The new woman is just as bad as her less [illegible] sister—worse, in fact, for she throws things as well. If thrown them so often that at last she is beginning to [illegible] something. The modern husband has to be a bit of a [illegible] as regards crockery as well as argument, so you really wonder if he jibs a bit. After all, it's bad enough to have your misdoings flung in your face; you don't want the [illegible] turcen as well. They say marriage is a lottery, but there so little of the element of chance about it and such a lot of solid fact that I can quite understand even the [illegible] What's-his-name Meyer not objecting to it. My own idea of matrimony is, that if my potential husband is [illegible] Heaven then I hope he will remain an angel till I [illegible] and meet him there.

* * *

When Men Marry.

And yet there are still people in the world in no hurry to get married. I have just been reading of a Honolulu lady who was divorced by wireless and married to somebody else a few minutes afterwards. She had the wedding breakfast over while she was waiting, not to lose any time and perhaps the bridegroom also. After all, in these days of vanishing husbands it is [illegible] I suppose, to take every possible precaution. But it is to me a far more comfortable state of things all round if you don't marry a man. Then you can keep him as long as you want him. If you marry your lover you are bound to lose him. The only indissoluble companionships are the unlegalised ones. You can divorce a husband but never a lover. A man generally only marries a woman when he can't get rid of her any other way. No man marries for pleasure? Why should he when he can get all he wants without a licence? And I shouldn't like to marry a man just because he considered it was his duty. People who do their duty generally lose something, even if it is only an eye. And a husband has so many disadvantages he at least ought to be all in one piece, as it were.

* * *

Shops and Virtue.

I wonder if anybody has ever thought what a premium the spring shop windows put upon virtue. The average woman gazing greedily upon dainty [illegible] lingerie and gloves, upon cobwebby stockings and [illegible] hats, must often feel aggrieved with Fate. The wise [illegible] correspondent will tell her readers that "blue [illegible] always smart and serviceable," but what woman would exchange the smart and serviceable serge for the fripperies of silk and lace luckier women than she will wear. You can't wonder if, when the spring calls very loudly, a woman feels sometimes she must really do something desperate to get that new frock upon which she has set her heart, the frilly lacey things that will give to her the [illegible] that comes by pride of ownership to every woman who wears them. I can't conceive, for example, any woman looking plain in Valenciennes. Something desperate, as a woman is concerned, generally implies a man. All the roads in life belong to the men. A woman goes a little way up any of them before she sees written up [illegible] where "No thoroughfare." It is only through a man she can obtain a right of way. It is generally only through a man that a woman can obtain a new frock. So, as I said before, the shop windows have a lot to answer for. Well, Jacob sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Why shouldn't a feminine edition of him pawn a couple of perhaps something else, for a pair of silk stockings, perhaps something else?

LOUISE HEATON.

A *Reynolds'* placard: "Doctor Shoots His Wife and [illegible] in the Garden." We can understand his shooting her, but why his lover?

* * *

Lord Derby, speaking at Southport, said: "As a [illegible] rule, officers and men would send all politicians to the front. Even in this, you see, the general rules. But the [illegible] need not worry over the matter; politicians all go the [illegible] way home.

ON CASTING CLOUTS AND OTHER MAY SPORTS.

May is the Merry Month.

May is when the sportsman can wake up from his winter sloth, and once more be a sport. Blackburn has ceased to Rove and Bolton to Wander. No longer are our thoroughbred horses put to chasing steeples—surely this must be amongst the least exciting of sports—in order to keep them warm. Of course I speak from hearsay only. It is much too cold for me to go and see these things myself in the winter. Gentlemen! I have never witnessed a Cup Tie (two exclamation marks). Of course, the fact that English is the only language I know may have something to do with it, because Lankese or Yorkose, or whatever is the medium of communication between, say, a United Burnleyan and a Sheffield Tuesday Fortnight (that is, if either of them has any views to communicate—which is at least doubtful, seeing where they come from) is to me as unintelligible as Sanskrit or Coke on Lyttleton.

But now comes May. May, when they have taken the nasty chilly feeling out of the crisp October air, so to speak, and when the dewest art shades) and the chirrup chirps and—best of all—manly outdoor sports commence. Fling aside your chessmen, dance upon your draughts. May is here, and with it cricket, tennis, boating, leaving your umbrella at home on the only wet day out of the last two. All of them have their devotees, but for me the first sport of May, indeed the first of "all the glad New Year" (quotation—possibly Shakespeare but possibly Chaucer) is the old old one of "clout-casting."

Time was when I knew not what a clout was nor how you cast it, except that it was considered bad form to do it ere May was out. But let me tell you all about it.

A clout, I gather, is the singular of clothes, just as a knut is the singular in clothes. You who have been brought up carelessly by hand and haven't had the benefit of the latest machinery in education may have thought that clothes were like scissors and had only got a plural, or, if female, were little more than a rumour anyway. Probably you thought, if you ever thought about it at all, that if it had a singular it was clothe or waistcoat or one sock. But, of course, that is wrong. The singular is clout. Any garment that with the rest forms part of clothes is by itself a clout—such as a boot, for instance. But casting clouts when they take the form of boots is not recommended. It is liable to be misconstrued and lead to trouble, especially in a busy thoroughfare.

Nowadays we don't cast our clouts actually to any great extent—not as we throw the hammer, or foozle the bunker, for example. Perhaps the formation of an English Amateur Clout-Casting Association, to revise the rules and arrange championships, might serve to revive an invigorating sport, of which, at the moment, I am, I believe, one of the few remaining players.

It has just occurred to me, by the way, that as the game mustn't be played till May is out—i.e., until June, which so monotonously comes after May, is in—it oughtn't strictly to be included in May sports. However, it's too late to take it all out of the article now; besides, the Editor mightn't let me write about June games.

Two other delightful events mark the opening of the sportsman's season in May. On the first of the month mothers are required to call their offspring early; call them early, mother dear (note how the phrase comes trippingly off the tongue) so that they may be Queen of the May, mother (and repeat "they may"). On the same day Labour asserts its inalienable right not to work if it is to be worthy of the name. Both sports are admittedly somewhat limited in their appeal, especially perhaps the first one. Few, if any, boys are chosen Queens of the May—which does not make for its popularity with the sex. When a lady was Queen of the May in former times she had to dance round a maypole and sing; now, of course, she has only to buy a couple of ounces of lard or something in order to have three or four hundredweight bunged at her free gratis and without any provocation. Formerly she indulged in Morris dances; now she asserts that I made her love me—which I deny.

A favourite May sport is "planning the summer holiday." In May you calculate and hope that it will be the South of France this year (first week); decide, on seeing the posters, that you must see your own country first and determine to visit Cornwall (second week); think that after all Brighton or Margate offer attractions that cannot be easily overcome by what is offered elsewhere (third week); and conclude that funds are unlikely to let you stray further afield than Battersea Park (fourth week).

Cricket commences in May out of doors. No longer is it confined to the hearth. The true cricket enthusiast buys all the "Close of Play" editions of the evening papers, has a batting average of 0.4 (owing to the unfairness of the umpire in the three matches in which he plays during the entire summer), and agrees despondently with the *Daily Mail* that cricket wants brightening.

Hurrah for May!

SYDNEY ERNEST.

OUR AMATEUR RECITERS.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen. Lend me your ears!"

The *Evening News* art expert on the exhibition of paintings and sculptures at the Grosvenor Gallery: "Two statues by Rodin dominate the gallery. One, 'Benediction,' is in his early manner, but by Lord Howard de Walden." Of course, that makes all the difference.

* * *

The Vicar of Holy Trinity, Shrewsbury, has admitted that "a little swearing now and then is an excellent nerve tonic." Broad-cloth and broad views will yet become synonymous.

* * *

"Marriage is no great cop for a woman nowadays," says a Mr. Robertson, of Liverpool. And it isn't exactly one continuous Hallelujah for a man either.

* * *

"'Fat man' is the Australian English for '*bourgeisie*,' and the *Daily Herald* is likely to make it the English English too," says the *Manchester Guardian*. But even the *Guardian* will not succeed in making French French of the italicised word.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

How many packets of the seasick specific did Queen Mary procure prior to the Paris trip?

* * *

May not the new Liberal-Labour daily paper be expected in the near future?

* * *

When will the very secret theatrical wedding be made public?

* * *

Who is the very famous baronet's wife who lost a thousand pounds at Bridge the other night, and was the money all paid within the stipulated twenty-four hours?

* *

If "Ranji's" contemplated marriage to the young English lady is still likely to take place?

* *

Why was Wilkie barred? Because he wouldn't Laud-'er.

* *

Why do the son of a Cabinet Minister and the son of one of Ulster's "stalwarts" spend so much of their time and money in a West-end hotel of doubtful repute?

* *

If Mr. George Mitchell was relieved when the photographer who "snapped" him at Charing Cross Station assured him that his black eye would not come out in the picture?

* *

Mr. Winston Churchill is reported to have attended a bull-fight on a Sunday in Madrid. Now then, Rev. F. B. Meyer, hurry up!

* *

"If I were a woman I should want £2,000 before I became a mother," says Mr. Bernard Shaw. But, bless you, it all depends, Bernard, it all depends!

* *

The identity of the lady who dined at the Savoy the other evening wearing flesh-coloured slippers and no stockings, and if the bare-leg craze is likely to become widespread as the summer advances?

* * *

If the two mannequins representing a leading Paris firm who travelled from Southampton on board the "Olympic" changed their toilettes every two hours during the journey, and if they were not very tired of the business by the time they reached New York?

* * *

If the co-operative stores which are to be inaugurated next term by Oxford undergraduates will be under the special management of Master Gordon Selfridge?

* * *

If it is becoming the custom for American married women to retain their maiden names, and to insist upon being addressed as "Miss," and if the practice isn't liable to give rise to all manner of awkward situations?

He: "Your face seems familiar."

She: "So it ought to be. I've had it all my life."

The identity of the young lady who wrote such a ... note to the well-known barrister asking him to get her ... for the Starchfield case at the Old Bailey? If she ... her photo by way of extra inducement, and if the ... now reposes in a place of honour upon the said ... mantelpiece?

* * *

The Councillors of Carshalton (Surrey) are looking ... a handy man who must fit a costly uniform left by ... decessor. Might we suggest a certain Cabinet Minister?

* *

If the Hertford Street widow who was the cause of much matrimonial ... tion last year is ... to give her ... very great ... and if the ... the case" is ... actly the same ... her own dog ... with whom he ... monly supposed ... in love?

*

If "The Hon... Express" will ... pace with ... Ride Lady ...

*

If the latest ... phrase is "My ... I catch you ...

*

The identity of ... theatrical star ... in an advanced ... rapid consum... If the famous star ... recently informed ... that if she does ... quit the stage ... she will not live ... than five months ... if there is not a ... touch of iron... fact that her ... contract last... that length of ...

*

The coroner says ... who sleep ... on end should ... babies," ... should they ... kittens?

*

The identity of ... lady who gave ... futurist dinner ... other evening? If the tablecloth was black, ... scarlet, purple and orange, and the electric light ... black decorated with green and yellow dragons? ... the guests felt at the end of the meal?

* * *

If a clever novel is about to be published in which ... ating side-lights and startling innuendoes will be ... upon a number of recent interesting events, ... Queenie Gerald case—referred to under another ... course—will be one of them?

* * *

How Mr. Bonar Law enjoyed himself at the ... Auteuil races?

* * *

The name of the wealthy son of the West End ... who is doing his best to get elected to the Royal ... Squadron, and if he has enlisted the help of a ... ential lady member to that end?

it was not rather a unique experience for Sir Herbert when he had to buy two seats at his own theatre in order that [illegible] friends, who had applied to him rather late, might be able to see the first performance of [illegible]?

* * *

Miss Daisy Dormer is still wondering where the garters came from, and if the box of chocolates, the cigarette case and the enamel puff box all emanated from the same generous donor?

* * *

The identity of the pretty English girl who for the past month has been serving as a waitress in a certain fashionable tea-place in the Place Vendome, Paris, and if she did it for a wager?

* * *

The visit of Prince Carol of Roumania and his mother to Petersburg is likely to result in the fixing up of a match between the former and Princess Tatiana, second daughter of the Tsar?

* * *

How will his lordship of Prince's Gate do when he learns of the large number of Orientals who have visited her ladyship during his absence in Holland? Is it true that she has taken an Indian politics; and if so why has she exercised to keep her husband in ignorance of these visits? Not more truly be put down to the fascination of the strange influence that a dark lady has over the lady?

* * *

Who is mixed up in the letter which was by sent to the sporting editor, and why was the latter so reticent about it?

* * *

The wealthy South American who has just purchased a mansion in Portman Square always has his fingernails stained with henna, and if so is it to hide the tell-tale evidence of a mulatto mother?

* * *

How many of the would-be politicians drank more champagne than was good for them at his wife's expense, and if she has forgiven him for making such a fool of himself before her friends?

* * *

How the police kept such a close watch on Mr. McKenna's house all night, and did they "smell a rat"?

* * *

Who is going to be married in the autumn, and where he is going to be married?

* * *

Why has [illegible] to Egypt [illegible] trouble [illegible] matrimonial tempest blown over, and if she has received a communication from the Sphinx as to her future in future?

* * *

The [illegible] of "The Red [illegible]" "If you are a man go at once." We [illegible]

* * *

How a Fifth Avenue beauty is making a very determined bid for Lord Litchfield's favour, and how he has expressed his entire willingness to bear all the expenses of the [illegible] and protracted [illegible] that she lands [illegible]

* * *

How [illegible] came to [illegible] Mary Cornwallis [illegible] describe them [illegible] Lady Randolph [illegible] somebody has got trouble over it?

Why does Mr. G. R. Sims never uncover his head in public? It is surely the height of selfishness that his beautiful crop of "Tatcho"-reared locks should be hidden from our eyes.

* * *

If a certain well-known bookmaker has just disappeared under very suspicious circumstances. If he is now on board a liner bound for South America, and what some of his clients will do when they hear about it?

* * *

Why is it that suffragettes make such bad public speakers? Because they never finish their sentences.

* * *

Why is the popular musical comedy actor referred to by certain of his acquaintances as "Puff John"? And wouldn't the reason for this nickname, if given, reveal some startling and sordid incidents of his life some seven years ago?

* * *

Who is "the lady of the green eyes" that one hears about just now in the clubs? Isn't her flat in Piccadilly a shelter for a clique of slippery society swindlers and card-sharpers who have a genius for keeping just within the law? Will the father of the young Oxford freshman who was plucked by the scoundrels be ill-advised if he takes action? Didn't "the lady of the green eyes" originate as a poor Hungarian peasant girl who later went upon the variety stage and sold herself to a Count? And wasn't the Count's death eleven years ago attended by suspicious circumstances?

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?

Not a fancy dress ball. Three Queens of Fashion in 1914 in a futurist salon.

TABLOID TOPICS.

A "Short Weight" Committee is sitting. How long the wait for its report?

* * *

Modern version of the Language of Flowers: A b——y word and a reproach.

* * *

Ali Aziz, an Egyptian officer, has been condemned to death at Cairo. It will soon be a case of Ali Azwaz.

* * *

A girl recently summoned at Acton was named May A. Gentleman. We believe that the next one was called Marie Hurr.

* * *

We read that coloured umbrellas are to be *the* thing this summer. And yet some people call weather prophets optimists.

* * *

"Prisoner, on leaving the *rock* hoped he would have the opportunity of apologising."—*Evening News*. A very hard case.

* * *

Headline from the *Times*: "Value of Boredom in the House." This is our contemporary's way of encouraging people to take it in regularly.

* * *

Mr. R. Balk, a carpenter of Wealdstone, has been made a magistrate. Strictly proper. The Bench is the correct working-place for a carpenter.

* * *

Mr. Birrell says that Liberal papers cannot see a joke in Tory papers. Our Radical office-boy wants to know who has ever seen a joke in a Tory paper.

* * *

We hear that the telephone is not popular in Russia. It can hardly be wondered, seeing that the Russian for "Hello!" is "Tzijakanfitkrajanjanzski."

* * *

The Bishop of Yukon really ate his own boots. He himself has said it, and he can't eat his own words. The portions he most enjoyed were the soles and 'eels.

* * *

A witness before the "Cold Feet Committee" of the Commons referred to the smell of gold, which he had tried and found very nice—quite odauriferous, in fact.

* * *

Bandage Teas are the craze in Belfast. Tourniquets are arranged to the tinkle of teaspoons. Appropriately enough the functions were instituted during "Lint, begorra!"

* * *

The *Saturday Review*: "The *Times* has dealt with the whole crisis with singular power." No doubt if the price were still twopence it would have been "double power."

* * *

"Hot cross buns," says the *Daily Mirror*, "were found in the ruins of Herculaneum, the city that was destroyed by Vesuvius in A.D. 79." We had one of them on Good Friday.

* * *

A "General" omnibus, on which a driver was being instructed recently, crashed into a furniture shop. The driver's course of instruction was then considered to be complete.

* * *

A scheme has been devised by which every word in the French language is denoted by a number. Longfellow knew "some" when he wrote: "Tell me not in mournful numbers."

* * *

Mr. Herbert Samuel says that he hopes to introduce the Milk Bill into the House of Commons shortly, but cannot yet fix the day. Lucky man! Ours is introduced to us every Tuesday without fail.

* * *

An alleged humorist calls Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion" a "blankety blank drama." Well, G.B.S. is scarcely the man to stand in a white sheet, and anyhow the play may be regarded as a counter pain to the bedroom play.

* * *

A *Times* advertisement says: "The capital outlay charged to insure the appearance of an 'In Memoriam' announcement in the *Times* annually in perpetuity is £15 . . ." In the case of some people we know, it would indeed be a "capital outlay."

A burning question: Votes for women.

* * *

We read that the takin is the favourite animal at the [illegible]. The take in is also a great favourite in the City.

* * *

Says the *Daily Sketch*: "German Emperor's Shake, William! We've been there ourselves.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* heading: "Record March to Brighton of 60 Londoners." We understand that many of them blistered.

* * *

"Eve was the first lecturer, and Adam the first [illegible]," says Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes. Fig-uratively of course.

* * *

"Canon Interrupted-Suffragettes at St. [illegible] centenary Celebration" (*Star* headline). What we call spiking the gun.

* * *

"I am getting rather tired of Jew tailors on the stage," writes a journalist. So are we. But they worry us [illegible] sight more off the stage.

* * *

Sir Frederick Banbury, the champion bore of the House of Commons, says: "I find no difficulty in making myself heard." That's the worst of it, Fred!

* * *

"How should baby be fed?" asks a daily paper. Well, we are not authorities on domesticity, but we kindly suggest a spoon or a feeding-bottle?

* * *

General Huerta, we read, wanted salute for salute. And sounds rather like a kissing game, doesn't it? And a first kissing game that has ended in disaster either.

* * *

"I may say I regard the pig as a fellow-countryman," says Mr. T. P. O'Connor. We suppose this may be taken as a sample of the New Sty-le of House of Commons.

* * *

"Sidesmen should not laugh so much at [illegible]," said an official at an Eastbourne vestry. Three or four broad smiles per service [illegible] a Bishop is preaching.

* * *

"In everything where her means and opportunities," says Mr. Rackham. But unfortunately the text "Seek and ye find" doesn't always come off.

* * *

At Darlington the Vicar of St. James's has appointed lady "sidesmen," and at the Deeping St. James's [illegible] vestry the Dowager Marchioness of Exeter was [illegible] churchwarden. Churchy la femme!

* * *

We understand that the Poplar people are disappointed that their old member has chosen the title of Viscount Buxton of Newtimber. But we look upon it as a graceful arboreal compliment to his old constituency.

* * *

A newspaper report says that "the London Fire Brigade has been called out seventeen times in twenty minutes, but there were only three blazes." The feelings of the disappointed firemen is not, of course, recorded.

* * *

In the debate on the vivisection of dogs Mr. T. P. O'Connor championed the claims of the pig to exemption from scientific operation. As became the member for the Scotland Division, T. P.'s humour was pathetic—and positively pawkie.

* * *

In opening a Festival of Youth at Liverpool, a speaker said that at a Sunday-school he attended in his boyhood the children had to be taught in a room full of beer barrels, as the room belonged to a firm of brewers. We often wonder why old fogies were always sighing for "the good old days."

* * *

A French journalist writes: "Mr. Mitchell has a face like poached eggs. He was bleeding from the nose and mouth. He could only breathe with difficulty, and had a pain in his stomach. But he was so happy that it was a pleasure to look at him." And yet they say it is [illegible] that an Englishman takes his pleasures sadly!

"SPRINGTIME AT OLYMPIA." A LEAF FROM OUR ARTIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

IN STAGELAND.

I dropped into the Globe Theatre again this week, as I shall not soon tire of seeing Oscar Asche as Hajj, the Baghdad beggar, drown the Wazir Mansur in most humorous manner in a bath in the latter's own hárem. Never did Oriental villain meet with such a well-deserved and wet end to such a burst of laughter as accompanies Hajj's offhand "Allah be praised!" after the Wazir's last kick has splashed the harem cushions.

* * *

By the way, I think that Mr. Asche, in view of the proved elasticity of the censorship of to-day, might revive the impression of the nude girl's entry into this bath which was discontinued owing to the disgraceful prudery of the Lord Chamberlain's officers of 1911. This little incident was natural and refreshing, if a little startling, and possessed a chaste beauty of its own which impressed Act III. and its beautiful setting all the firmer on the non-prurient minds of the Garrick's patrons of three years ago. As a matter of fact I did not see Mr. Asche, as he had sprained his ankle, and a word is certainly due in support of Mr. George Skillan's "Hajj," which conquered most of the tremendous difficulties with which the rôle positively bristles—a legacy every luckless understudy must encounter in the Asche-Brayton personnel. The atmosphere of efficient strength conveyed by beautifully proportioned physical bulk is a valuable asset exclusive to Messrs. Asche and Bourchier so far as the English stage is concerned. Its chief disadvantage is that it effectively defies reproduction.

* * *

At the Palladium on Monday I purchased a ticket for 5s. which entitles me to one chance of winning the motor car which is being raffled for the benefit of Joe Elvin's pet music-hall charity, the Variety Artists' Benevolent Institution. The car is a Buick two-seater, 18-22 h.p., presented by Jack and Evelyn. The tickets are rather inaccessible, but if any ladies or gentlemen would like to blend their sense of charity with a first-rate sporting chance I'll get Joe to send me tickets which I will forward on any demand accompanied by P.O. for 5s.

* * *

At the Victoria Palace on Monday there was a very prominent and ponderous Liberal personage on my left snorting with indignation at Barclay Gammon's political verses, which seemed to give immense pleasure to that grand old hero Lord Charles Beresford, about three seats ahead. It would appear that there is a growing appreciation among what Fred Emney describes as "the hupper classes" for a revue-less twice-nightly variety programme of tone and discrimination. This week the Hudsons and Bransby Williams are on the same bill at this house—about the only one in London that never strikes a bad patch.

* * *

One would keenly regret the passing of the Empire's old traditions as regards ballet, but how London does need another twice-a-night house on the lines of the Butt administration! Now that the famous Leicester Square house is to be governed by Mr. Butt and his lieutenants it would indeed be a happy consummation if we could see a Palace programme foreshortened and presented twice nightly at the Empire of the future.

* * *

The Children's Welfare Exhibition at Olympia has an attractive feature in "Springtime: the Children's Revue." It is a delightful feast for the eyes but not much else, as the kiddies' elocution is, of course, defeated by that vast space of glass dome. It is a pretty idea, however, and tastefully mounted. Far and away the best item is Vera Clarke's dancing. Vera has an interestingly mature style which is strangely reminiscent of Phyllis Bedells.

* * *

Mr. Strahan, the promoter, had a deal of trouble with the licenses for this production, as he is unfortunately well within the area of the magisterial administration of Mr. Horace Smith, of Westminster, who is apparently completely incapable of an elementary discrimination with regard to the licensing of children. His latest exploit, the refusal to license clever little Miss Phyllis Bourke till 10.15 for Mr. Galsworthy's "The Mob" at the Coronet, bids fair to bring the investigation of the Home Secretary to bear upon his harsh administration of the already too arbitrary law. I remember just a shade back seeing Moya Nugent and Donald Buckley sitting, ful and unhappy, just inside the stage door waiting turned out, what time their important little rôles were hashed in one instance and abandoned entirely in the This was the gravest injury suffered by "Peter Pan." should we be protected against our own and the interests by this worthy but septuagenarian cadi?

* * *

It is already an established fact that the second "Hullo Tango!" at the London Hippodrome is provement on the original production, notwithstanding success of the first edition. The audience on We night were of the same opinion, and if an enthu reception is any criterion, this improved version over the summer.

* * *

There is a wonderful little scene by Sir. James who was delighted by the manner in which it was by Miss Levey, Miss Kellogg and O. P. Heggie, the a happy addition to an already stupendous cast. skit on the "Land of Promise," by Mr. Billy Merson Miss Levey; the introduction of the wonderful Leon waltz, "Roseway (which it may be recollected I plugged some months back), by Miss Kellogg; and eccentric of a very high order by Miller and Mack are all the additional numbers.

W. R. C.

SPOON-BAIT.

A "FAIR COP."

t knock at the front door caused Evelyn Hamilton her manicure set into a drawer. She betrayed not ntest signs of agitation, although on her strategy m this evening chiefly depended the living of her nd herself for some weeks to come.

slow, stately movement she seemed to glide rather walk out of the room, and stealthily opened the or. The hall was in darkness.

e in," she murmured in a mysterious voice, and k into the room, followed closely by an elderly man hat stout build, and with the general air of a roué. expected me then, my dear," he said, as she pulled round before the fire. "I was not sure if Thompson d an opportunity to deliver my note. Are you sure es are drawn quite close?"

, Sir John," Evelyn replied, but she rose from by his side and adjusted the heavy curtains that r the windows.

e don't call me Sir John, my love. Can't I be to you?"

," she murmured softly, as if enraptured with the ving a cautious glance in the mirror as she resumed

are we quite alone, dearie?"

Jack. I have sent my brother Chris out on an don't expect him back for some time d have got him out of the way altogether, s." impossible, and it would not do to rouse his

urse not; of course not; no one's suspicions must d. You realize the risk I run in coming here— any risk would be too great to run for you, Evie." submitted to his embrace without a shudder.

dear," she said after a pause, during which she d pensively into the fire while he fondled her white Jack, dear, after this month you will have to run isks than ever if you want to see me. Chris and move into a smaller place. The expense here is and Chris wants to take a tiny flat."

arling, that is impossible. I could never come there. y have hall porters and lift attendants. No, no, let me help you out of your difficulties, lovey.

ack, you *can't*. I couldn't let you; and, another aris would wonder where I had got the money. I do it!"

uld say you borrowed it from a girl friend."

might do. But no! I—I couldn't take it. I ——"

ense, dearie, nonsense. You shall take it, as a ou like."

d do that, couldn't I? I shouldn't mind taking it —and yet ——" Her eyes grew a trifle brighter d gentleman drew a fat pocket book from his coat. there, my dear. This will help you on for a week n't it?" And he placed ten crisp ten-pound notes hands. Tears came into her eyes and two success- bled over the brink.

Jack, dearest, how can I ever thank you? I will back every penny. I will work my fingers to the

e, ney sweetheart, there, that's all right. Let's about it now, and just enjoy our little selves. We ther in the firelight," and his arm stole round her M. little girl that loves her Jack more than any- the world," he puffed rather than breathed into

r than anything," she whispered back, nails to prevent herself from flinging off the revolting old man as he mouthed and ear.

bell rang shrilly through the house, and ung up, one finger raised to enjoin silence. she whispered. "He must not find you here. way." She ran out, followed by the man who with fright, shaking from head to foot in guilty

will have to go out this way, and over the garden is very low." And before he could remonstrate he ed out into the blackness of the garden, and the rs were shut and bolted behind him.

my hat!" he muttered. "I'm in for it now. I'll be know I shall. And Caroline will half kill me— ll never get over this confounded wall."

He groped his way to the wall, grazing his knuckles, and barking his shins against an unseen garden roller. The wall reached at length, after much trouble and bad language, he rammed his top-hat firmly on his head, and proceeded to lift his ponderous person over the low wall that divided the garden from the quiet road. On the top he sat astride for an instant to make sure there was no one in sight, then turned round and cautiously let himself down.

Scarcely had his feet touched the ground when a detaining hand on his shoulder nearly paralyzed him with terror. He summoned up courage to turn, and came face to face with a tall young policeman with fair, flowing moustache and ferocious expression.

"Now then! what might you be doin', climbin' over people's back garden walls at your time of life, young feller me lad. You'd best come along with me to the station and explain yourself, gran'pa."

Sir John, with a poor attempt at dignity, shook the policeman's hand from his shoulder, and adjusted his hat, which had assumed a somewhat rakish angle as the result of his climb.

"I suppose," he grunted at last, "I can come that way out of my own house if I choose."

"Oh, yes; there's not the least bit of 'arm, except maybe to your clothes, in yer gettin' out of yer *own* 'ouse that way. It's gettin' out of other people's 'ouses that way that is likely to cause a little misunderstanding!"

"Look here, officer, I don't want to create a disturbance. What will settle this, now?" He put his hand in his pocket and tentatively fingered a "fiver."

"Bribery and corruption," said the young policeman, sternly, eyeing the crisp note with disdain. "Come on now, no nonsense. You can't get over me like that. You're old enough to know better."

"Now, officer, it is more important than you think that I should not be mixed up in this affair."

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was, and therefore you'll oblige me by comin' along without any fuss."

"Come, come, my good man; you don't know who you are talking to. Will twenty square this deal?"

The worthy man in blue hesitated. It was a big bribe.

"Well, fer twenty I don't mind only taking yer name and address in case anything crops up nasty about this 'ere business ——"

"Very well, very well. My name is Ernest Potter, 4, Grand Mansions, South Belgravia."

Robert eyed the old man thoughtfully over the top of his note-book, chewing his pencil the while.

"Come, come, Sir John Fulton, that won't wash! You're too big a nob to go about giving false names like that."

Sir John was flabbergasted. In a few seconds his face turned from white to yellow and yellow to purple, till at last he fairly bellowed with rage.

"Damn you, will fifty keep your mouth shut?"

"Put another fiver in for the wife and kids, Sir John, and p'raps—I don't know—I might overlook the offence for once. But next time I catch you acrybatin' on walls what don't belong to you I'll *have* to report it, at any rate to Lady Caroline."

He dusted the crestfallen old gentleman down very carefully, and patting him encouragingly on the shoulder sent him off in the direction of home.

"And you take my advice, Sir John, and leave garden walls for cats to prance about on. They wasn't meant for the likes of you and me to clamber over, old sport!"

* * *

Chris Hamilton threw down his helmet on the table and carefully removed his false moustache from his excited boyish face.

"Good Lord, Evie, I thought I'd have burst! If only you'd seen the old chap's face! Well ——" And they both subsided into fits of laughter, whilst a hundred and fifty pounds' worth of banknotes lay unheeded on the floor.

NOEL HINTON.

We state on the highest authority that the new Alhambra revue, which is to be called "Not . . . Likely!" does not come from the pen of Mr: G. B. Shaw.

SWEARS AND CURSES.

From Press notices I have read regarding "Pygmalion" I understand that Mr. Shaw has not so much written a play as written and served up to the dear stupid public a sanguinary adjective. "Mr. Shaw's latest! Mrs. Patrick Campbell swears on the stage!" Oh, heavens! run for a policeman, somebody. . . . That's how I felt.

After all, however, Mr. Shaw is only following Shakespeare's example, and, as Mr. Shaw himself has said, *he* is another Shakespeare; so, in turn, *his* example will be followed by aspiring dramatists; and when a little time has passed, one will not say, "He curses like a trooper," but rather, "He curses like a dramatist." People will cultivate the habit of dropping into the theatre at the second act to hear the horrible word spoken, smack their lips, and then go home and tell their wives all about it, incidentally haranguing the family on the deplorable decay of British Dramatic Art.

The furore that has been created is very much on the principle of a taxi on the stage. "Good heavens, you say look! It's a taxi on the stage." "Good gracious, so it is. My!" And a beatific calm enters your soul at the knowledge that you are getting your money's worth.

It is certain, at any rate, that in future our famous playwrights will hang round the Monument bilking flower girls and making a brief of the ensuing language in their note-books; and it would be decidedly interesting if some of them wrote a little curtain-raiser, entitled "The Lost Collar-Stud," each giving his own particular impression of the language which most fits the occasion of such a loss. This would be an educational play, for the male members of the audience who feel that their own vocabulary is inadequate could take notes, for future use.

And there is left limitless material for a hundred other playlets dealing with language. For instance, I have often wondered what Christopher Columbus said *exactly*, when, during his experiments in connection with the equilibrium of an egg, he stove in the end and discovered the egg was a bad one. Yes; it was. Didn't you know?

I once possessed the acquaintanceship of a dear lady with a serious cast of mind and a still more serious one in her eye, who wrote a play. The hero was a taxi-driver (I don't know why), and after losing in rapid succession his collar-stud, a cosy little nest-egg, and latterly his wife, his pent-up feelings found relief in uttering: "Dear me!"

Somehow, that doesn't seem like the taxi-drivers I know: and, as I ever try to be fashionable, even to the extent of inking out holes in the heel of my socks, I, too, have written a play about taxi-men, which I venture to bring before your notice (*et cætera*, as per circular). Are you ready? Well, draw a deep breath.

(Scene: Near the Marble Arch. Two taxi-cabs in collision.)

First Taxi Driver: W'y the blank asterisk can't you look where you're going?

Second T. D.: 'Oo the blurry blank d'ye think *you're* torkin' to?

Inmate of first taxi cab (a religious lady): My good men! control ——

First T. D.: That's right, lidy: you're a lidy, you are! (To the other driver.) Wot'cher insulting the lidy for, you stars and exclamation marks?

(Enter from the O.P. side a policeman. You know it's a policeman by the helmet—and the feet. "Oh, look, a real policeman!" "Gracious, so it is!" He compels the taxis to move on, informing the drivers at the same time what he'll do to them in the event of further misbehaviour.)

First T. D. (aside, and bitterly): All you need to be a policeman is big bleeding feet an' no condemned sense!

Second T. D.: ——

(That's quite enough, thanks. The compositor's morals will be corrupted if we have more of it.—Ed.)

ERIC DE BANZIE.

New York is about to build a sky-scraper jail, fourteen storeys high. Is it hoped that material elevation will have the effect of raising the moral standard of criminals?

* * *

Miss Grace La Rue is suing for a separation from her husband. But then, of course, as she has told us innumerable times, she "didn't want to do it."

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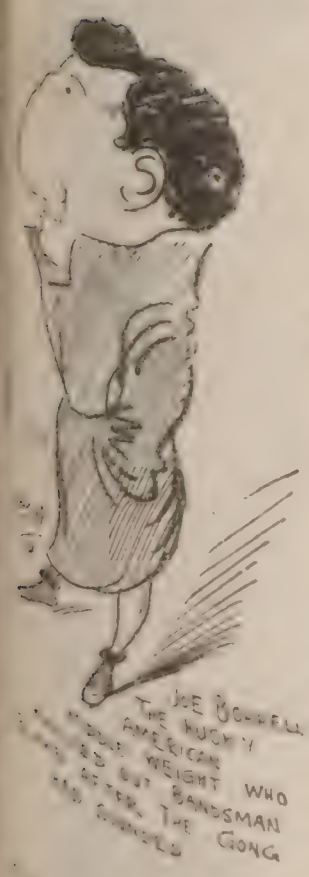
IT BOXING OR FIGHTING?

...ting—which is it to be?" The old-time ... game has gone, and we are now face to face ...r serious proposition, which every season be... and more difficult to deal with.

... hesitation in saying that modern boxing has ... into a scrambling mixture of wrestling and ... which each contestant does his level best to ...onent so seriously, as to render him unable to ... so many rounds. The "knock out," whether ... by fair means or foul, is the sole object of ...ery ten modern gladiators, and men are more ...urt nowadays than when they were battered and ...about the face with the raw 'uns under London ... Rules.

... gloves, the system of infighting ... savagery of up-to-date methods, ... boxing more dangerous than any ... of the ring in which the hands of ... puffed after a few rounds that ...



And referees nowadays for the most part seem afraid to assert themselves and stop foul play. Under the rules any boxer who strikes a blow whilst holding his opponent commits a foul and can be disqualified: and a boxer who hits with the butt of the glove is playing foul, any boxer who uses his head to injure his opponent can be ordered out of the ring, and there are many other rules as much honoured in the breach as in the observance.

Now it really is becoming a serious matter. In New York State they have a State Boxing Commission and decisions are not allowed on the part of the referees. The newspapers make the winners in these "No decision" bouts; wherein the "knock out" is more frequent than a contest going the full length.

We may have one or two deaths in quick succession and then the voice of public opinion will insist on the authorities taking action. If that is done, we with our reputation for the care of individuals will probably make the ... so drastic that the game will be practically

...icans started out to show us the way to fight and ... men like our own Freddy Welsh set out to ... on American methods, until we have more good ...men in this country in the new style than anywhere ... But as a stylist who would compare Fred Welsh and ... Driscoll? Welsh is a cunning, clever fighter; Driscoll ... the most brilliant boxer of recent years. And yet it ... see Driscoll was so much in front of the other ... weight in point of class that he could afford to ... game so cleanly as he always did. In his gen... Jim Driscoll was the best boxer in the world, and a ... to hold up as a standard for British pugilists.

... After a few years' absence I turned up this year at the ... Boxing Association Championships, and found the ... there below that of the old times. Men ... up and box as they used to do, but fought ... and played many of the tricks that we see in the ... ring. I suppose it is inevitable, all this hold ... clinching, but what would a modern audience say ... could get into the ring Sam, Rue, and Bill Baxter, ... and Fred Johnson, "Toff" Wall, and Ted Prichard ... mention only a few of the lights of some twenty to twenty-... ago? men who earned shillings where the ... counts his gains in fivers, but who as ... beside which those that we have seen ... seasons were very poor stuff indeed.

Of course, the present-day boxer and boxing enthusiast will say, "You old fogeys always count the men who were at the top in the days of your youth and enthusiasm the best in the world, and better than the present champions. It is the same in all sports." Yes, perhaps so, but in boxing I contend that the scientific boxer has given place to the scientific fighter, and there is as much resemblance between real boxing and the present slugging as between a bout of singlesticks and one with dueling foils. Artistry has given place to savagery. It cannot be helped now, it is too late, but I fear for the future of a sport I love second to none.

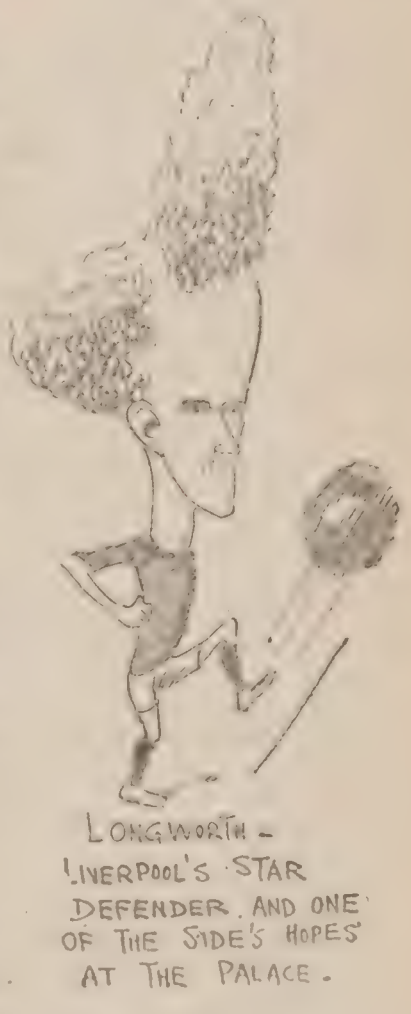
Perhaps this moralising has been led up to by what I saw at the Blake and Borrell contest at the Ring last Monday night. There we had a display which was a disgrace to both men and which certainly reflected no credit on the official in supreme charge of the contest.

Borrell, the American, who claims the world's middleweight championship, had never been defeated, and Blake had only one reverse to his debit, that inflicted by Bombardier Wells, the heavyweight champion. Now Borrell had come over here with the credit for possessing a mighty wallop in his fighting kit, and Blake has earned for himself a great reputation for grit and pace, and the fact that he outboxed such a wily and crafty opponent as the Dixie Kid was proof of his cleverness.

Blake had seemingly made up his mind that close-quarter work would be the safest with Borrell until he had got him tired, and from the moment the first gong went up to the time that Borrell knocked Blake out with what I am convinced was a foul blow, the men were locked together in a clinch, both holding and roughing and doing everything but box fairly. Both were in my opinion equally to blame, and both had had quite enough of it at the close.

Whose fault was it? Firstly the referee, Mr. J. T. Hulls, was largely to blame. He is one who holds the decided opinion that the place for the referee is outside the ring, yet he climbed through the ropes before the first round was half over, and once there he kept bleating out, "break! break! break!" with no more effect than if he had been outside the building.

The cleverness of Borrell was shown by the manner in which he shifted his holding hand to the blind side of the scrum, to borrow an expression from Rugby. Blake was not so clever but he held just as tightly. Borrell leant on Blake's chest, and wrestled, and Blake lay over Borrell and hugged, and both men dug in and upper cut and swung with the free hand, any number of blows landed low, and any number were struck with the butt of the hand, the wrist, the elbow, the side of the hand, and even the head.



As for the decision, if Mr. Hulls did not hear the gong he is deficient in hearing. It was certainly an awkward situation, but he should have made up his mind quicker, for not all the explanation in the world can explain away those ten minutes of disorderly argument and shouting in the ring. It will do boxing a lot of harm.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

GOLF.

Golf, like cricket, runs in families, and the Leitch family of famous girl players is one that proves the rule. One of the most coveted trophies among women players is the gold cup annually put up by *Golf Illustrated*, which was competed for at Sandy Lodge for the fourth time this week.

The cup has always been held by the Leitch girls. Miss May, the youngest of the famous trio, won it in 1911, and her more famous sister Cecil annexed it in 1912 and in 1913, so that she only had to win it at Sandy Lodge to keep it for ever. She did this all right, but only after a tie with Miss Teacher, the ex-Scottish champion.

The match was replayed last Monday, also at Sandy Lodge, and this time Miss Leitch won comfortably with a dozen strokes to spare, 171 against 183. Miss Leitch, it will be remembered, championed the fair sex against H. H. Hilton, the male champion, a few years ago, when Hilton giving a half won a great contest over 36 holes.

Miss May Leitch did not do well in the Sandy Lodge match, but on Tuesday in the ladies' international meeting at Ranelagh she equalled the record for the course with a brilliant round of 69, and then on the second day Cecil capped it with a 67. We are now waiting for Miss Edith to do something to show that she is still a great player, and worthy of ranking with her sisters. Miss May, by the way, is a left-hander. She is a splendidly set up girl, and hits like a man. One could imagine that the three sisters would have made fine cricketers had they chosen to play the other game. Another clever family of golfing girls a few years ago were the Hezlets, particularly May and Florence. They were famous Irish girls belonging to the Royal Portrush Club.

MISS CECIL LEITCH WHO WON THE "GOLF ILLUSTRATED" GOLD CUP AFTER A TIE WITH MISS TEACHER

Harry Vardon also belongs to a golfing family, and that the British open champion is in highest form he demonstrated clearly on Wednesday at Worplesdon in the qualifying competition for places in the £350 foursomes tournament. He had two superlatively good rounds. His 72, a record by the way, in the first round would have been a great card but for the fact that he drove out of bounds at the second, put his third shot in the bunker, and then took three putts—seven for a hole which Braid did in three.

But Vardon was not upset. He is a bit nervy at times, and he has been known to get that jump in the wrist which upsets his putting when things go wrong with him. He followed up the 72 with a 73 and had the best aggregate, 145, and was a winner by one stroke from Braid, who had a 71 in his first round.

Braid has had a lot of trouble with his eyes during the past two seasons, but he thinks he has quite recovered, and certainly his play was quite up to the high standard he has set for himself.

George Duncan, to my mind, is the most brilliant, but most uncertain, of the little group of players who usually head the field in big events. He was erratic on Wednesday, but still was only a couple of strokes worse than Vardon on the two rounds.

J. H. Taylor, the champion, was competing at Old Fold Manor, the comparatively new course at Barnet. The greens were not good enough for such an important contest, and C. H. Mayo will tell you things about them if you ask him. Taylor took two 78's and with 156 was well in but nowhere near the top.

NIBLICK.

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE AND

Surely no harassed cyclist or tired pedestrian [illegible] wearily up a hill at this pleasant time of year can [illegible] merry roar of a passing motor without feeling [illegible] Most of them will, of course, tell you that they [illegible] take a motor bike as a gift," but the very tone [illegible] voice will warn you not to risk the acceptance of [illegible] said gift. No, among the younger generation [illegible] nothing but pounds, shillings and pence stands [illegible] shanks' pony and the delights of petro[illegible] But, [illegible] argue, anyone can afford a miniature [illegible] payable by the easiest of instalments. [illegible] however, is far from unwise policy for [illegible] to adopt towards these economical little innov[illegible] of them have never been through any proper trials [illegible] few are suited for heavy riders. So it [illegible] thousands remain outwardly loyal to the "p[illegible] until they feel that they can enter the world of [illegible] and magnetos without undue risk to their [illegible] limbs.

* * *

For efficiency and [illegible] cyclette cannot compare with [illegible] "standard" model. There [illegible] among manufacturers to keep the price [illegible] somewhat high figure. Just at present a tremen[illegible] is being experienced and no one seems [illegible] he pays for his machine so long as he [illegible] When the natural "slump" follows in twelve [illegible] months' time it is not improbable that [illegible] say on 'Change—be easier. By then the [illegible] ment will probably have been reached [illegible] makers will be able to direct all their [illegible] and more economical output. Naturally [illegible] pedestrians and others anxious to "com[illegible] not going to wait until this time eighteen [illegible] Let me then suggest a means of taking out a driv[illegible] and at the same time avoiding that bugbear of the [illegible] pursed motorist—"depreciation."

* * *

At many large garages you would, a month or [illegible] have found some shop-soiled machines of last year [illegible] which had never been ridden. These could be [illegible] about a quarter off the list prices and no doubt [illegible] still a few awaiting a purchaser. As for condition [illegible] parrot phrase "as good as new" will in all [illegible] hold true. But even twenty-five per cent. discount [illegible] a fairish cheque to be met in the case of a good [illegible] and if fifteen pounds "down" is more your figure [illegible] have to venture farther afield on the track of "bargain[illegible]

* * *

There are indeed many bargains in motor bicycles [illegible] begging." Let me give an example. [illegible] to the sport wished to learn his petrol [illegible] taking delivery of a "big twin." For a whole [illegible] out every advertisement offering a motor cycle for [illegible] appeared in the various papers. A process of [illegible] narrowed the "field" down to four, two [illegible] "Enfield" and a "Rover." The owner of the [illegible] happened to live in the immediate vicinity, so we visited [illegible] first. This machine was a 2¾-horse-power [illegible] 1910 model—and the price, £16. Enamelling [illegible] were both good, tyres excellent, but the [illegible] First of all the compression was tested and [illegible] be excellent; the pedals supported my weight for [illegible] five seconds. That showed that the cylinders and [illegible] were in all probability in perfect order. Off came the [illegible] and the pulley was tried for side or end play. It was [illegible] quite tight, and the bicycle parts were faultless. We [illegible] our fingers along the frame, but no dents were [illegible] The tank was quite petrol-tight. So far so good. I [illegible] a deposit (for which a receipt was obtained) I [illegible] a trial trip. Starting was a little difficult, but this was [illegible] ably due to an over-oiled engine. Once the machine [illegible] going the acceleration was excellent. A preliminary [illegible] over, I set her to the steepest hill in the district. She [illegible] "eaten up" at twenty miles an hour, and after this [illegible] doubt remained as to the machine's condition. [illegible] along there were no noises save the click of the [illegible] the bark of the exhaust.

* * *

On the principle of never giving a seller what [illegible] offered £15 on our return home. The deal [illegible] and here comes the moral. After six months [illegible] sold the "Enfield" for £17.

NANCE & ASSURANCE.

...hange is now traversing a very anxious ...possible to determine how far the Mexican ...lead the United States, it being doubtful whether ...measures, such as the blockading of the ports, will ...General Huerta to book. The Americans have drifted ...campaign which is certain to test all their resources ...their patience. On the other hand Continental ...ets are seriously affected by the illness of the Emperor ...s Joseph, whose advanced age naturally lessens his ...of recovery.

* *

...ns are still wrangling over the Ulster ...that altogether it is difficult to look for any ...improvement in the markets. Everything is so ...ion cannot be anything but dangerous. ...their hands; some because they fear ...; the others because they hope to get ... Altogether, it is only natural ... and idle, and that prices should ...

* *

...general depression there has been consider... ...y and buoyancy in the Oil market, interest having ...ferred from the Russian to the Egyptian group. ... B and Red Sea have risen about 33 per ... the week; while others have shared in the ...

* *

...situation in Mexico is naturally ...st acute anxiety among British, Canadian and ...investors who have sunk vast sums in the mining, ...ial enterprises of this marvellously rich ...interests represent about £60,000,000. The ...have made a speciality of Public Utility Com... ...of the electrical and tramway enterprises ...obtained under their control. American ...paramount in intersecting Mexico with ...of railways. The British have turned their ...ways and such industrial enterprises as oil, ...utes one of the principal sources of Mexico's ...

* *

...g the British capitalists operating in ... Messrs. Pearson and Co., who control, among ...enterprises, the Mexican Eagle Oil Company, ...Rockefeller oil interests in Mexico. The Mexican ...has a capital of £5,000,000 and holds immense con... ...including the preferential right to explore for oil ...overing about 80,000 square miles.

* *

Mexico's principal source of wealth. The world ...early about 55,000,000 ounces. Of this total ...produces over one-third; America a similar quantity; ...of the world being responsible for the balance.

* *

...national develop... ...imminent in Assurance ... time past Mr. de Beck, Editor of ..., the leading Canadian journal published in ..., Mr. Sheehan, M.P., and Mr. Roland Belfort, Editor ...*Financist*, have been making strenuous efforts to ... Mr. John Burns, President of the Board of Trade, ...stigate the scandal of the Union Life Assurance Com... ...of Canada, by which about 740 British shareholders ...despoiled, in 1910, of £157,000 by certain British and ...dian "financiers." So far Mr. Burns has declined to ...tion.

* *

...ar that all the documents in the case will ...placed in the hands of the Public Prosecutor, by ...e Beck, Chairman of the Shareholders' Committee, ...g on the suggestion of the Board of Trade authorities ...a ... debate in the House of Commons. The ...nanciers" concerned have already been arrested ...Dominion Government and stand their trial next ...The ...mpany itself has been radically suppressed.

* *

...ments furnish details about the British Board ...posed of one peer, one assurance expert, ... companies. An advertising agent is also ...affair, about which piquant revelations are ...made.

Rubber recently touched 3s. per lb., but the share market did not adequately reflect this improvement. There is far too much manipulation in this market, and the greatest sufferers are the shareholders, who have not the power to deal individually with their directors. And the Rubber Shareholders' Association does not help them, for many curious reasons. In some influential quarters a shortage of rubber is regarded as a strong probability within a reasonable period. Wild rubber is practically eliminated; the Brazilian supply is diminishing in notable proportions; the demand is well sustained. There is, therefore, hope for holders of Rubber shares, who should sit tight and watch the market.

* * *

We hear that some important developments may shortly be expected in connection with the oil shale industry in South Africa, as a result of recent discoveries.

* * *

Promoters of Oil concerns are now getting exceptionally busy, and we may soon expect to see the prospectuses make their appearance. Some of these may not be desirable propositions, and we hope our readers will not risk their money therein without consulting us—*beforehand*.

* * *

The "bears" have been having things all their own way during the past week, as a result of the Mexican imbroglio and the Ulster squabble. But they may be obliged to scurry to cover at any moment, as a result of sudden developments.

* * *

We have reason to believe that some of the guns just shipped to Mexico were quietly picked up by a gentleman who was recently quite active in the City, and who has just left for Mexico.

* * *

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

The following is our selection this week of Trustee stocks yielding a full 4 per cent.:—

	Price.	Yield Per Cent. £ s. d.
St. Lucia Loan, 1944	98	4 1 0
Natal Consolidated Loan, 1927 ...	100	4 0 0
New Zealand Loan, 1963	100	4 0 0
South Australian Loan, 1924	100	4 0 0

* * *

While the poor—provident or improvident—can count upon a small old age pension from the State, there are hundreds of thousands of hardworking people of the middle and lower middle classes who have no such pension to assist them when they can no longer earn an income. They must provide for themselves. Very few people realise that for 2s. per week, starting at age 21, a man can secure £1 a week for life—starting at age 60. Should it happen that the cash would be more acceptable to him, he has the option of renouncing the pension and drawing instead £1,069 at age 60. Some start their pension at age 50, by paying proportionately higher rates.

* * *

This system of assuring oneself a comfortable old age is becoming increasingly popular among thrifty people. It helps many to save, where, if left to their own control, they would probably fritter this 2s. a week away on purely frivolous and sometimes harmful objects. How many thousands spend more than 2s. per week on picture palaces or other gaudy amusements, without reflecting that by so doing they are missing a comfortable £1 a week for life?

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(45th Edition, 1914).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
84, PALL MALL. MANCHESTER.

BOOKS
ON ALL SUBJECTS, Including Commercial, Technical, Educational, and Physical Culture Works. Accountancy and Law Books a speciality. Text Books for every Examination.
SECOND-HAND AT HALF PRICES.
New at 25 per cent. Discount. Send for Catalogues (post free), and state wants.
BOOKS SENT ON APPROVAL. BOOKS PURCHASED.
W. & G. FOYLE, 121 & 123, Charing Cross Rd., LONDON, W.C.
'Phone: 8180 Gerrard.

The Ball everyone is talking about—

"RIGGS' BISHOP"

A 2/6 ball for 1/3

A Customer writes:—

"Please send 2 dozen of your 'Bishop' Golf Balls for which I enclose cheque 30/-. I played three rounds with one of these balls and it was as good at the finish as at the beginning."

WE HAVE SOLD THEM IN SINGLES AND INVARIABLY OUR CUSTOMERS COME BACK FOR DOZENS.

A very well-known player told us to-day: "I have never played with a ball I liked better."

WHAT WE CLAIM FOR "THE BISHOP."

It is a ball with experience behind it.
It is a ball of exceptional merit.
It is scientifically made and tested from core to cover.
It has phenomenal flight.
It will go off your club with a click and plenty of life.
It is not too heavy, but just right.
It is essentially a ball for hard hitters.
It will appeal immediately to the man who does not wish to pay a high price, but wants a ball he can depend on.
It has an indestructible cover, and is made of the finest materials procurable.
It is very durable and is equally suitable to the long handicap or the scratch player.
It is unequalled for driving power, paint, steadiness and flight.

A trial must convince you we are not exaggerating when we make the above statements.

We will send you one, Bramble or Indented, for 1/3 post free, or a dozen for 14/- post free, and a copy of list.

CHARLES RIGGS & Co., LTD.

Ye Bishopsgate Sports House,

107, Bishopsgate, LONDON, E.C.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

"Guineas" week is always one of the gatherings of the year at Newmarket, and headquarters this week from Tuesday to to be more attractive than usual. The re The Tetrarch, the wonder horse of a dec pete for the first of the season's classics, Guineas, and everyone with any knowledge keenly anticipating how the grey will fare rest.

The many rumours that have been circul Capt. McCalmont's colt have made him the attraction than any Derby favourite in rec at this late hour no one outside the hor say how he is likely to fare in his clas-ic engag the fact that he has retained his position as a for the Derby would certainly lead one to has got over his ailment pretty well. Still knowledge that Mr. John Coleman, the Epsom surgeon, was some time ago called upon to horse, and it will need a good race for one still the smashing performer he was in 1913.

The question is, will The Tetrarch retain his unbeaten certificate on Wednesday? Personally, will, although the reports of his work on the training are not at all reassuring. There is a story going to the effect that the colt will not run in the Guine ground be hard, but if he does not face the starter possible, in my opinion, that all is not well with him case he cannot be supported as a "good thing."

Apart from The Tetrarch it was generally considered the pick of last year's juveniles were above the standard. Such colts as Corcyra, Kennymore, Pa By George! and Aldford, to name a few, were smart performers. Of these By George! and Kenn have been seen out quite recently. The former was somewhat easily by Quixtus, to whom he was conceding 25lb., in the Easter Plate at Kempton Park, but he was no means fit then, and his heavy burthen told on him may be taken for granted that he will make a good on Wednesday, when he will be more forward in condition. His connections have great hopes about his chance of in the Derby.

Kennymore won the Craven Stakes at Newmarket decisively from a moderate lot, and there was little in his success. He has grown into a magnificent horse his appearance called forth loud praise. Still, some of the critics are of opinion that the Manton course strongly emphasised his dislike of downhill courses this failing greatly prejudices his chance at Epsom he must run well at Newmarket.

Last season Corcyra was deemed to be only The Tetrarch. It is doubtful, however, if Lord Derby's colt would have stood a chance with the Epsom the latter was at his best, with that allowance. however, was a really good youngster, and although has not sported silk so far this season I consider be a very likely candidate for the first of the classics. To sum up briefly I will divide my vote for the Two Guineas between

THE TETRARCH and KENNYMORE.

For the One Thousand Guineas on Friday I chance of Lord Derby's Glorvina.

On the opening day at Newmarket on Tuesday House should secure the Maiden Two-Year-Old Willaura the Apprentices' Handicap. I have with the Two Thousand Guineas on Wednesday Santair, who is a horse to be followed, may score Bretby Handicap, and Radway in the Chippenham The Peel Handicap on the following day should Sanford, and the Brinkley Welter Handicap to The Friday Welter Handicap on the concluding may be won by High Rock, and the Three-Year-Old cap by Chelcho.

At Thirsk on Friday Upper Crust may secure ton Plate, and Tan the Clifton Three-Year-Old Florin should win the Spring Handicap on the Hurst Park will provide interesting sport when Stornoway may take the Claremont Vicarla the Durham Handicap.

EAST·WEST
DIAMOND'S BEST

£9,000
AMONG 14 WINNERS

THIS large sum of money has been won by fourteen men, some of whose photographs appear in this advertisement. Four of them won £1,000 each, and ten of them won £500 each.

Remember, Diamond's methods are *always* square and above board. The fact that H. Diamond was the *only* English Firm to be entrusted with the entire sale of the Lucerne St. Paul's Church Lottery Tickets proves this.

H. DIAMOND
LUCERNE SWITZERLAND.

"JOHN BULL" says:—

"We have no reason to modify the favourable view we have formed of Mr. Diamond's methods of business. The more we see of them the more justified we feel in the advice we have given to our readers. H. Diamond's sweepstakes are perfectly genuine."

EAST·WEST
DIAMONDS BEST

FOUR WINNERS OF £1,000 EACH.

R. P. Weeks, 50, Bailey Street, Brynmawr, Brecon, S. Wales.

Geo. W. Webb, J.P., Architect, Market Place Chambers, Reading.

J. Jobson, 12, Panmure Street, Dundee.

F. C. Papworth, 127, Felsham Rd., Putney, London.

THREE WINNERS OF £500 EACH.

C. J. Goulter, 1, St. George's Rd., Kingston Hill, Surrey.

W. Hargrave, Royal Marine Infirmary, Deal.

E. M. Hughes, Tan-Lan, Bethesda N. Wales.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF OTHER WINNERS OF £500 EACH.

W. H. Blackshaw, The Lea, Denham, Bucks.

H. Colchin, Junr., The Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Sittingbourne, Kent.

A. B. Wyatt, 3, Falmer Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

B. Ainley, 10, Hamilton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

W. H. Cowdery, The Forester's Arms, Coxgreen Maidenhead.

T. Philips, 34, The Park, Treharris.

F. Smith, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.

Ourselves and Other People.

"Edgar, what can I do for you, so that you won't eat between meals?"

Edgar (aged five): Have the meals ficker together!

* * *

"Practice makes perfect in all things."

"Hardly. It will not enable a girl to blush better."

* * *

Miss Oldone: I wouldn't have refused Tom Brown if I'd been you.

Miss Doneup: I don't believe I would either, if I'd been you.

* * *

THE OTHERS DO.

"Does your husband play cards for money?"

"I don't think so," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "But those who play with him do."—*Washington Star.*

* * *

STUMPING MOTHER.

"Mother," said little Mabel, "do missionaries go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, dear," her mother replied.

"Do cannibals?"

"No, I am afraid they don't."

"But, mother," the little girl insisted, "if a cannibal eats a missionary he'll have to go, won't he?"—*Evening Post* (New York).

* * *

INTIMATES.

Maud: Is Gertie Smithers a friend of yours?

Bertha: Yes. What has she been saying about me?—*Judge.*

* * *

ONE OF HIS RESOLUTIONS.

"I'd like to have you tell me honestly your opinion of my husband," she said.

"You'll have to excuse me, madam," he replied. "I swore off that kind of language the first of the year."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ONE OF THEM.

A certain millionaire did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church, when the collection was being taken up for these missions, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the collection box. The millionaire shook his head.

"I never give to missions," he whispered.

"Then take something out of the bag, sir," whispered the collector. "The money is for the heathen."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

* * *

"What means dis heah p'litical 'conomy?" asked Rufus, who was endeavouring to wade through a paper.

"Frum de way de pol'ticians down ouah wahd is actin'," answered Rufus, "I s'specis it means de mos' votes fo' de least money."—*Kansas City Star.*

Any One Of Them: "Won't it be fine when warm weather comes and we can shake off these cumbersome winter clothes!"—"Puck."

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

Readers or advertisers can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions must be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, 20-21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Typewriters: Smith Premier Visible £9 10s., Oliver £5, Remington £4 10s.—Crawford, 9, Coleman Street, London (near Bank). Telephone: Wall, 9730.

Fortune-telling Chart, by post 7d.—G. Gaveston, 10, Ludgate Hill, London.

Instant Complexion Beautifier gives that Enviable Complexion; try it; 1s. Postal Order.—J. Mack, 11, Carnarvon Street, Glasgow.

Bound set of Harmsworth's Self-Educator (8 vols.); good as new; what offers?—Box 517, "Modern Life."

Free: Horseshoe Tie Pin, or Gilt Curb Bracelet.—Send three penny stamps, postage, etc. A. Williams, 19, Whitefriars Street, London.

Moustaches Forced on Smoothest Face. Trial supply, 7d. Immediate results. Particulars, 1d. stamp.—Spa Chemical (138) Co., 19, Bride Lane, London.

A POST CARD PROCURES THIS REMARKABLE GIFT.

You cannot hold your own in life's battle if weak, worn, or easily jaded. Periodical attacks of moodiness, languor, despondency, depression, and groundless fears mean nerve troubles, and lead to brain fag, impaired memory, and unfits one for study, business, or pleasure. The chosen ones in every walk of life are the alert, the bright, and the intelligent, nature's natural gift, but marred for lack of a little knowledge, of simple unthought of things which diminish the vital principles of energy, and paves the way for the unfit. A post card to the Useful Knowledge Publishers P.O. Box 94, Bradford, will put you in possession of a 48-page book, neatly bound, of valuable information, and will be sent post paid free of any charge whatsoever.

A little knowledge saves much medicine.—Advt.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

P.R.L. (Hounslow).—It is illegal to toss, even if only for refreshment, in a public place.

Bart (Cardiff).—It is possible that Miss Gabrielle Ray (Mrs. Gilbert Loder) may return to the stage in the near future. Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Bullough) is so enamoured of her peaceful rural surroundings in Scotland that she has definitely renounced all intentions of resuming her position at the head of musical comedy.

"Jo'burg Reader."—Have sent on your letter to Mr. H. Diamond, Lucerne, Switzerland, who will doubtless write you. His sweepstakes are conducted in a perfectly fair and honest way, and we have satisfied ourselves that winners of prizes receive the money, which is not always the case with sweepstakes promoters.

R.C.A. (Putney).—If your twin-cylinder Enfield continues to fire on one cylinder only after a new sparking plug has been fitted it probably requires new piston rings. Any local motor mechanic would fit these at a cost of about seven and sixpence.

P.L.S.S. (Hendon).—In 1911 there were 22 fatal accidents to flying men. Only one of these (Hon. C. S. Rolls, at Bournemouth flying meeting, July of that year) was British. Latham, the first to attempt the Channel crossing, was British only by parentage. He was born and lived in France, and he never renounced his French citizenship.

E.B.I. (Harrow).—Most motor-cycles will only burn paraffin after the engine has been warmed on petrol.

R.L. de L. (Hampstead).—Please excuse us! Your figures bore us horribly, and life (especially "Modern Life") is too short and sweet to waste of unnecessary mathematical alloy in these complex days.

Blade (Merthyr Tydvil).—The member for South Kensington is not Claud Hamilton—he of the G.E.R., and the tendency to befriend wealthy American gentlemen of commerce. He has the reputation of being a difficult and dangerous man to work under, so Mr. H. M. Thornton is not on a bed of roses.

A.R. (Wells).—Quite obviously the very greatest care must be exercised. It is not a difficult matter, however, to choose an accredited firm of assured integrity. Try H. Diamond, Lucerne.

Rechabite (Wandsworth).—Your letter annoys us not at all. It amuses us honest, if mild, amusement. Your tastes are your own property, and your effusion was a great strain.

S.W. (Peckham).—We have "kindly considered" your own property, and your effusion was a great strain.

S.W. (Kirkby).—Captain Saunders will be pleased to advise you about the suit, but he cannot tell the colour of your hair from your chest measurement and age. Try another letter.

F.H.P.K. (Wolverhampton).—The address of the British Tailoring Repairing Co. is 34 to 40, Great College Street, London, N.W.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Now that the season of sunshine and rain is with us the tailors are experiencing a tremendous demand for the light spring overcoats, which have been so popular during the last year or two. The essence of these garments is that they should be smart, simple and waterproof. They are among the very few clothes which can be bought ready-made with more or less safety. Unfortunately, however, many tailors have been imparting to them what they are pleased to term a distinctive style." Thus it is that we see so-called rain-coats with straps at the back and velvet collars—both of which are entirely out of keeping with the character of the coat. Some, too, are being provided with long lapels which look very nice, but afford little protection to the chest from the cold April winds. When you are choosing a coat of this description consider it from the point of view of utility. It should be cut very long and full in the skirt, and the pockets should be square—not sideways. The sleeves should be turned up at the ends if only to provide a convenient repository for tram and 'bus tickets. The old covert coatings are now being pressed into service again, and their natural wet-resisting properties make them an ideal cloth for the purpose. Fawn is the most fashionable colour.

* * *

My worst fears have come true—and the check shirt has arrived! When first I saw check ties I rejoiced; check handkerchiefs charmed me; both socks and belts looked quite natty; but check shirts—horrid! One thing is certain, that the well-dressed man will never adopt such abominations, while the effect of this extreme will probably be to bring all checks into disfavour. Talking of shirts reminds me that many men who might be supposed to know what is correct are adopting soft-fronted dress shirts. There can be no doubt that these do not look so well as the stiff-fronted varieties, but in this negligé age we must be surprised at nothing. I met someone at a public dinner a few nights ago who was wearing what appeared to be a white cricket shirt, and the effect was altogether bad. If you must be comfortable in your evening dress stick to pleated silk fronts.

* * *

A very novel shirt has just been placed on the market, which is said to be entirely innocent of the rucking qualities so common among these very necessary garments. I am assured indeed that at the end of an evening's dancing the shirt will look as fresh and as smooth as at the beginning. This is accomplished by tapering the back portion into a long tongue which is drawn upwards between the legs and secured by means of suspenders to the brace ends. The fittings are adjustable, and no inconvenience is felt by the wearer, while the "lappet" makes it possible to dispense in summer with the pants, which are the bane of every well-dressed man. The new shirt will be on sale at most outfitters in the near future, and is expected to create a large demand.

* * *

Most of the Bond Street shops report a distinct falling off in the popularity of spats. These have enjoyed an enormous vogue during the winter, and now there is hardly a village in England where you will not find the local bootmaker "featuring" the attractive little accessories. Just at present, however, they are being supplanted by boots with coloured cloth tops. These boots should be avoided by anyone whose purse is shallow, for they are certain to enjoy a very short innings. As soon as summer is with us there will be a rush for "Oxford" shoes and then white linen spats will be the correct thing. For tennis rubber-soled shoes will be mainly worn. A few years ago every-one adopted boots; but then there were none of the "beautiful" socks—or sox—which are now produced for the edification of the knuts' sweethearts!

* * *

Curiously enough, despite the fine weather, very few straw hats are to be seen about at the time of writing. Even the manufacturers are complaining that orders are not up to the usual standard. Truth to tell, most outfitters are none too anxious to overload themselves with straw boaters, for lots of the more profitable soft felts remain to be sold. Among the latter silver greys with black bands are in considerable demand, and the trade in black velours hats with lighter-coloured bands is also said to be improving.

CHOOSE YOUR CAREER

Yes; CHOOSE your career; MAKE your career; that is the ONLY way to get on. It's no use folding your hands and waiting. Nothing comes in the world of work to him who waits, except a tombstone. The men who make their way, who succeed, who win and hold good positions, are the men who have a definite object and who determinedly push and fight to get there. What is your aim. Read this list of some of the—

Positions for which the I.C.S. Qualify Students

Advertisement Writer.....
Architect.....
Book-Keeper .....
Builder.....
Chauffeur .....
Concrete Engineer .....
Designer, General.....
Draughtsman .....
Electrical Engineer .....
Farmer.....
Foreign Correspondent.....
Gas-Power Engineer .....
Linguist .....
Marine Engineer .....
Mechanical Engineer .....
Mine Foreman.....
Mine Manager .....
Motor Engineer .....
Newspaper Illustrator.....
Patternmaker.....
Poultry Farmer.....
Quantity Surveyor .....
Salesman.....
Shorthand-Typist .....
Show-Card Writer .....
Steam Engineer.....
Telephone Engineer.....
Window Dresser .....

If you will write to us we will send you full particulars of the training the International Correspondence Schools will give you to qualify you for any of the above positions. Please name which position you are in or want to be in, even if it is not given above. These schools give a thorough, practical, and up-to-date training; not a mere theoretical training, but a practical training by practical men for practical men. Address—using our full address, so as to avoid delay—

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.,
29m, International Buildings,
Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.

(To avoid delay please use our FULL address.)

MRS. WHITE writes about

CICFA

"I starved myself because when I ate the smallest bit of food I suffered most terrible pain from

INDIGESTION."

Mrs. P. White, of 3, Castle Square, Rosemary Road, Peckham, writes:—

"Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to tell you of my wonderful cure by using Cicfa. I am sending my photo so you may see how well and strong I look now. Although the photo is a perfect likeness of me as I am now, I was a different looking person before I took Cicfa—in fact, I was as thin as a rake. I had an attack of Appendicitis which left me so that the smallest bit of food gave me such terrible pains in my stomach that I preferred to starve myself. I grew thinner and weaker, and I was so worried, as my baby boy was only 5 months old. When I read your advert. telling how Cicfa cures both kinds of Indigestion I sent for a sample, and by the time I had finished it and before I had bought any tablets, I ate my first real dinner and had no pain after it. Now I can eat everything I wish without any pain. I cannot express my thanks enough, as I owe my present health to Cicfa. Make what use you like of this letter and I will gladly answer any letters from readers about Cicfa. Thanking you again, I am, Faithfully yours, Mrs. P. WHITE."

No words of ours can be more convincing than Mrs. White's testimony; therefore we will simply tell you what everyone should know, viz., that there are two kinds of indigestion—Stomach Indigestion and Bowel Indigestion—and that neither can be cured by purgatives, effervescent salts, alkalis, etc., because those are all unnatural. They give momentary relief but the trouble grows steadily worse.

Why Cicfa Cures and is THE ONLY CURE.

Nature produces and pours several different ingredients for digesting the food into the Stomach and Bowel. When she fails to supply enough of those ingredients, the food ferments and there is Indigestion with Flatulence and Constipation.

Cicfa is the only preparation which contains ingredients that are exactly the same, and that do exactly the same work as those supplied by Nature; therefore Cicfa cures Indigestion in both Stomach and Bowel and is the only cure. Fermentation then ceases, so there is no Flatulence, no Acidity, no Constipation; the Bile Circulation is perfected and there is natural digestion of all food. All the nourishment is extracted and passed into the blood, bringing strength, energy and complete health to every part.

BE WARY.

There are 47 different imitations of Cicfa at 6d. or 7½d. Not one of them is in the least like CICFA. Not one of them was ever sold for Bowel Indigestion until our advertisements appeared. ALL IMITATIONS CONTAIN DRUGS.

Cicfa suits every case—young or old. It is a marvellous remedy! There is nothing in the least like it.

Cicfa does not belong to the patent medicine class. It is used and prescribed by thousands of doctors. Hundreds of those doctors have written us of the splendid results they have secured by using it on themselves and on their patients.

Cicfa is sold everywhere, price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

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